

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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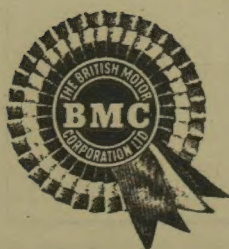
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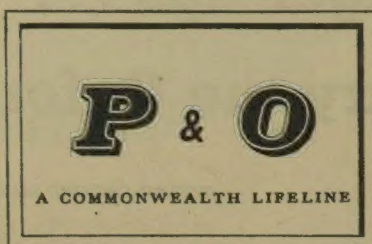
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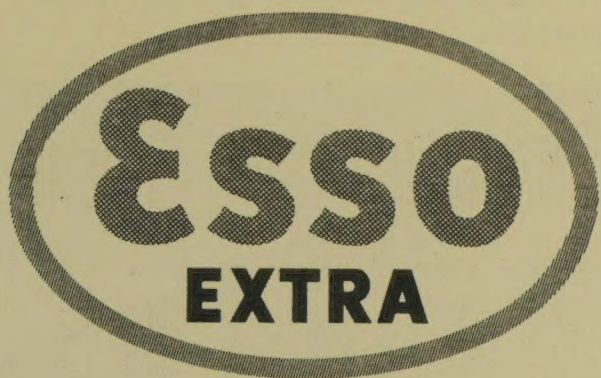
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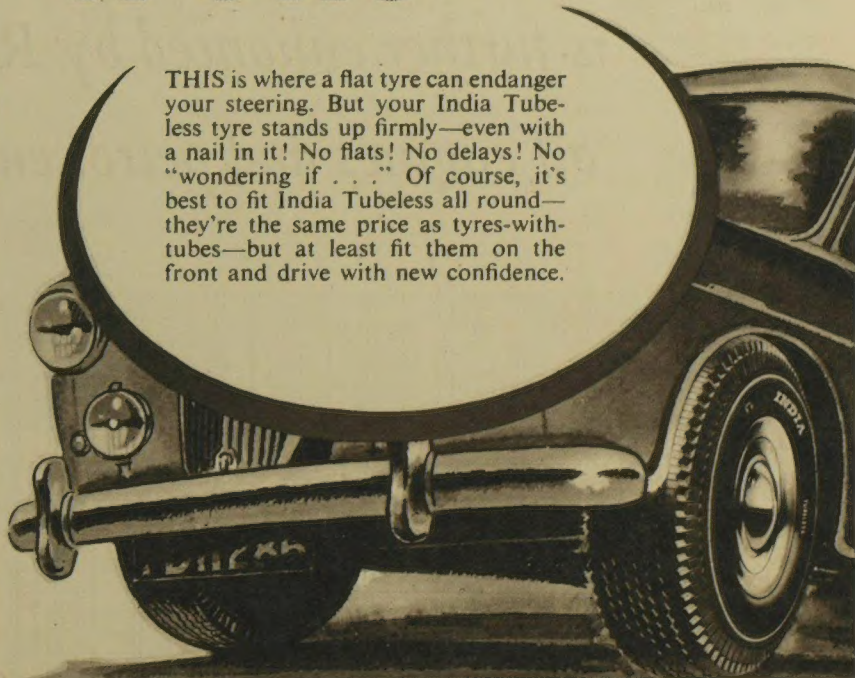
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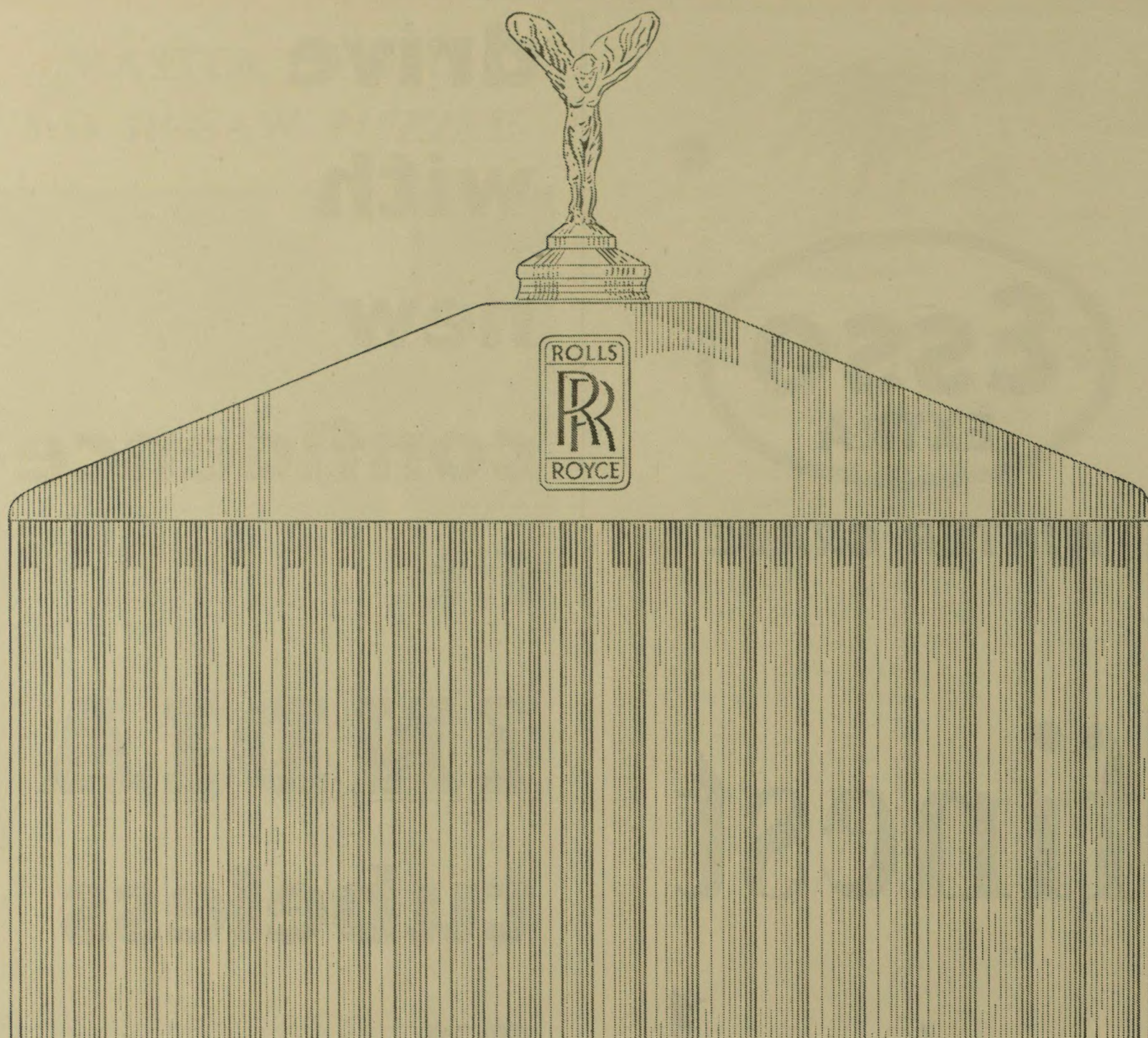
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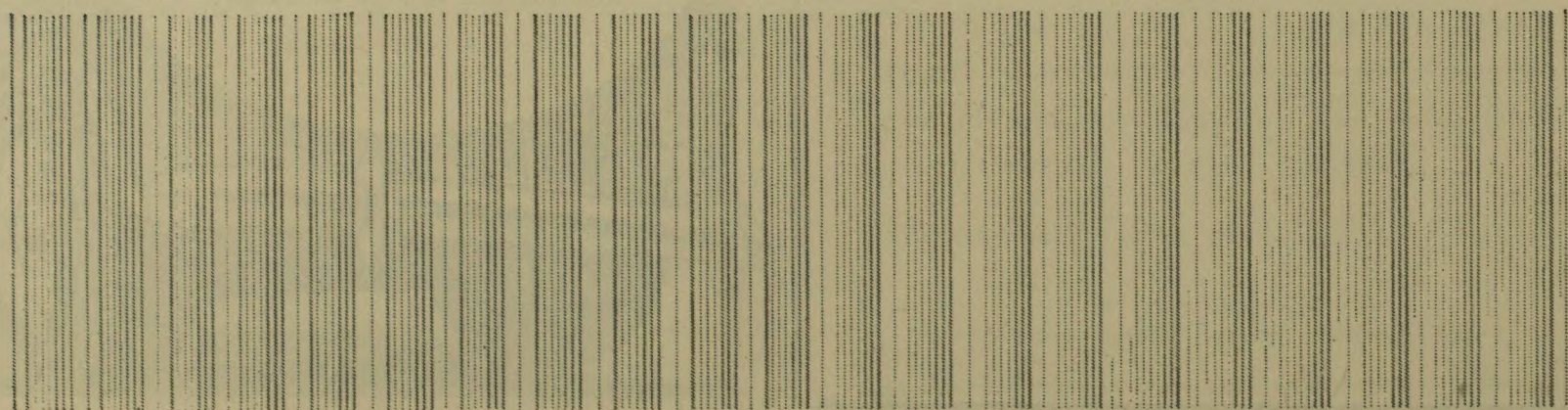






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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1956.



**BRITAIN'S NEW WEAPON TO PROTECT HER CHILDREN AGAINST POLIOMYELITIS—A SCENE IN THE GLAXO LABORATORIES AS AN OPERATIVE IN A STERILE CHAMBER TRANSFERS "POOLS" OF SINGLE-STRAIN VACCINE TO A STAINLESS-STEEL TANK.**

It was announced in London recently that a British improved variant of the Salk vaccine, which had been subjected to stringent tests to ensure that it was safe, should give "a considerable measure of protection" against poliomyelitis. This will be used to vaccinate between 250,000 and 500,000 British children between the ages of two and nine, within the scope of the National Health Service, in May and June this year. In making this announcement Mr. R. H. Turton, Minister of Health, said: "While this vaccine owes its origin to the brilliant pioneering work carried out in the United States, it is not quite the same as the American

vaccine." Mr. Turton said that "the improvement was due to the achievements of two British manufacturers, Glaxo and Messrs. Burroughs Wellcome, who have been working in co-operation with the Medical Research Council. I am advised that it will be as safe as any vaccine could be. It will not guarantee that a person who is vaccinated will not in any circumstances catch poliomyelitis, but it should afford a considerable measure of protection." The vaccination will involve two injections, with an interval of three weeks between. The scheme will be completely voluntary, and entirely free.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SOONER or later the possessors of power in this paradoxical land of ours always seem to run into trouble. Normally the easiest-going, most orderly and most tolerant of people, the English—and the Scots and Welsh perhaps even more so—are extraordinarily jealous of authority when authority reveals itself too openly. Authoritarians to a man in their respect for law and order, the sound or sight of anyone glorying in authority arouses them, first to ridicule and then, if persisted in, to a cold, grim, relentless anger. It has been so with domestic braggarts in tyranny; it has been so with foreign. Charles I, in many ways a high-souled and noble man, discovered it when, advised by a logical, narrow-minded but courageous Gallic queen, he tried to put into practice—and made a boast of doing so—his father's pedantic theories about the Divine Right of Kings, just as his counsellor, Laud, did when he so injudiciously tried to put into practice his parallel theory of the Divine Right of Bishops. Between them they provoked an intensely monarchical and episcopalian people—a people whose greatest heroes for centuries had been kings or bishops—into a bloody and painful rebellion which brought down Church and Throne and sent both king and archbishop to the scaffold. Two centuries later, the aristocracy, who had lorded it with general approval for generations, and without a word of protest from anyone, all but brought about their own extinction and a revolution by their insistence that the electoral system that they had so long and successfully exploited was sacrosanct and that any attempt to reform it was an impudent affront to their hereditary and inalienable power. Whereupon a country that loved, and seemingly almost worshipped, lords, turned on them to a man. Fortunately their principal leader happened to be that shrewd realist and master of the defensive battle, the Duke of Wellington, who, seeing just in time what was happening, led them prudently and hastily off the field, so exemplifying the old saying that those who fight and run away live to fight another day, as the lords did—in 1911—when, on a smaller and far less dramatic scale, the same thing happened again. As for the British people's reaction to powerful foreigners boasting of their power, this has for long been notorious. From Louis XIV proclaiming, "L'Etat c'est moi," to the strutting Mussolini and the jack-booted Hitler, it has always been the same and, though often very unpleasant for the British people, for the foreign tyrant who has aroused their ire, quite fatal. Even such small fry as boastful tribal potentates in Asia or Africa, or borough councillors at home, have run up against the same dangerous and hidden rock-like trait in this ancient and jealous nation. The most docile of political mounts normally, it just will not stand a rider who flourishes the spurs.

Sooner or later, throughout our history, the new repositories of power learn the same lesson as the old. I am beginning to wonder whether our latest rulers, the leaders of organised labour, are not going to discover the same harsh truth before long. On the whole, they have so far proved themselves modest men in the traditional English manner, who have wisely made little vaunt of their immense strength and exercised it, as our Civil Service used to and our hereditary aristocracy and wiser sovereigns did before them, with praiseworthy reticence and absence of display. Yet there have been signs lately, particularly among what may be described as the N.C.O.s of organised labour, that that heady wine, power, is starting to go to their heads. An example of this occurred the other day in that historic nursery of English liberty, Smithfield Market, for a market, when one comes to think of it, is about the most fundamental of all libertarian institutions, the essence of a market being that it is a

place where men, instead of giving and obeying orders, exercise their powers of free choice by bargaining freely with one another. In the Dark Ages, in the harsh, earliest rigidities of feudal power, it was through the market, and the borough

that sprang from it, that the first beginnings of a freer society took place. It is a sign of the degree to which civilised mankind has reverted from freedom in the past half-century that in the Marxist view of society there is no place for a free market. There is not, it would seem, if certain authoritarians have their way, even at Smithfield. For a gentleman named Mr. Tribe, an officer of the Transport and General Workers' Union and organiser of the drivers and porters of Smithfield and Billingsgate, has queried the right of a butcher to carry his own meat from the market or to purchase it unless he pays the toll demanded of the close corporation of Smithfield porters or "bummarees." Following a decision of the courts that a butcher legally possesses such a right, Mr. Tribe has apparently issued a *pronunciamento* in terms which would have delighted even such a past-master of the authoritarian phrase as Hitler. According to the Press, it went like this:

The judge said he could.  
He said he would.  
We said he wouldn't,  
And he didn't.

Any lover of forthright and traditional English, in expressing his admiration for Mr. Tribe's mastery of the telling phrase, cannot help wondering, a little wistfully, whether he did not adorn it with one of those qualifying but emphatic adjectives for which Billingsgate, if not Smithfield, has always been famous. Perhaps, in the uninhibited society of his fellows, he did!

Be this as it may, and well he seems to have expressed the feelings of his fellow-workers, Mr. Tribe stuck his neck out. Masterly though his gift of expression is, for oratory is clearly his strong point, he committed what in England is the unforgiveable political crime: he has proclaimed himself the people's master. He has done what I used to do when, as a small boy, seeking to precipitate a nursery row with my younger brother, I would declare in ringing tones, "Pack up those toys! And why? Because I say so!" I could then be quite sure that one or more of the said toys would be thrown at my head by my very English brother. And Mr. Tribe, before he hears the last of his utterance, is going, I fancy, to have a good deal thrown in his direction. I have no idea whether the bummarees of Smithfield, who according to the popular Press, call Mr. Tribe their "king," are well or ill-paid or whether there are facts, as there probably are, in their favour which the newspapers have failed to reveal. There are nearly always two sides to any case. Yet one thing seems certain: that the bummarees under Mr. Tribe's forthright leadership have placed themselves in a position where they can levy a toll on the people's food which the people are to be allowed, according to Mr. Tribe, no opportunity of evading. And that, if I understand the people of England, means, as sure as night follows day, trouble! There are plenty of others who have manoeuvred themselves into the same kind of position as the bummarees of Smithfield; indeed, in our half-free, half-totalitarian modern economy, a large part of the financial and commercial game appears to be to try to manoeuvre oneself or one's group into just that position. But those who do so are usually very careful not to proclaim the fact. Personally, as an unregenerate believer in freedom and the advantages, for all its drawbacks, of commercial free dealing, I am grateful to Mr. Tribe for putting the issue that faces modern society so clearly and in such a simple and easily-understood form. I admire his literary gifts and wish him nothing but well. But I hope that the monopoly for which he and his mates stand will be broken and that the breaking of it will be seen as a challenge and a warning to other and far more serious monopolies.

To our Readers.

It has always been our pride that the Illustrated London News has reached its many readers punctually every week. This regularity was upset last week through no fault of our own.

A dispute has occurred between the London Typographical Society and the Master Printers which has affected the work responsible for the printing of the Illustrated London News with the result that there was a fresh delay in the publication of the issue of Jan 28<sup>th</sup> and there is no reason to hope that the present one will not suffer in the same way.

We have done all that is humanly possible to ensure that our public may be supplied with numbers which maintain the standard of excellence for which the *Illustrated* is famed.

When the dispute is over

You will receive the Illustrated London News in its old form. Meanwhile we beg you will give us the encouragement of your appreciation of our difficulties.

Since S. Ingram



## CYPRUS REINFORCEMENTS, AND A BRITISH OFFICER MURDERED IN NICOSIA.



EN ROUTE FOR CYPRUS: A DETACHMENT OF THE 1ST BN., THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY, HEADED BY A PIPER, MARCH TO THEIR AIRCRAFT AT BLACKBUSHE AIRPORT, ON JANUARY 23.



A SAVAGE AND BRUTAL MURDER IN NICOSIA: CAPTAIN J. P. LANE, R.A.O.C., LIES DEAD IN THE STREET AFTER BEING SHOT FIVE TIMES IN THE BACK BY TERRORISTS, AT POINT-BLANK RANGE IN FULL DAYLIGHT.

AS part of the build-up of British Forces, to meet the current tension in the Middle East, the 1st Bn., The Highland Light Infantry, was flown out to Cyprus from England in chartered aircraft in a three-day operation which began on January 23. On January 19 a British Army officer was murdered by terrorists in daylight in one of the main squares of Nicosia. This officer, Captain J. P. Lane, of the R.A.O.C., had been recently posted to Cyprus from the Canal Zone and was living in an hotel with his wife and nine-week-old child. Shortly after leaving



AFTER THE MURDER OF CAPTAIN LANE: A PRIVATE OF THE SOUTH STAFFS EXAMINES A YOUNG CYPRIOT'S VIOLIN CASE, IN THE SEARCH FOR ARMS AT THE SCENE OF THE MURDER.

the hotel he was shot five times in the back and head at point-blank range by two terrorists. He died instantly and, despite the circumstances of the crime, no one could be found who admitted to witnessing the murder.





RECENTLY PRESENTED TO THE LONDON ZOO : FIVE FEMALE SAIGA ANTELOPES. THIS BREED IS NOW BELIEVED TO BE EXTINCT IN EUROPE.



THE MALE OF THE SIX SAIGA ANTELOPES WHICH HAVE BEEN SENT BY THE PRAGUE ZOO IN AN EXCHANGE WITH THE LONDON ZOO.

**PRESENTED TO THE LONDON ZOO : SIX RARE BUT UGLY SAIGA ANTELOPES FROM PRAGUE.**

The six Saiga antelopes (*Saiga tatarica*) which have recently been received by the London Zoo in an exchange with the Zoological Gardens in Prague have now completed their period of quarantine, and are soon to be placed on exhibition in Regent's Park. This rare breed is believed to be extinct in Europe but is still occasionally to be found in Central Asia. These animals are about the

same size as sheep and their legs are remarkably short, though they can run at fair speed for short distances. The females are hornless and in the male the horns grow to about 13 inches. The breed was common over most of Europe in Pleistocene times. It is hoped that the six animals now at the London Zoo will breed and perhaps form the nucleus of a herd.



## A MODERN MISCELLANY: WORLD NEWS—AND ADVANCE BOOKINGS FOR MARS.



INVITED TO MARS BY A "SPACE-GIRL." THE ITALIAN PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION OF TRAVEL AGENCIES IS OFFERED A NEW VENUE FOR AN ANNUAL CONFERENCE. The International Federation of Travel Agencies, holding their annual conference in London, were invited, through their President, on January 26 to stage a similar conference in a hundred years' time on Mars. The "invitation" was proffered by a twenty-four-year-old "space-girl" employed by a travel agency.



A RARE ARRIVAL AT THE LONDON ZOO: A TUATARA FROM NEW ZEALAND BEING HELD BY MR. R. LANWORN (LEFT), OVERSEER OF THE REPTILE HOUSE. A tuatara, the last descendant and survivor of the giant reptiles of prehistoric days, has been given to the London Zoo by the New Zealand Department of Internal Affairs. It was handed over by the Hon. T. Clifton Webb (centre), the New Zealand High Commissioner; on the right is Dr. Vevers, the Director's Assistant and Curator of the Aquarium.



WAVING BEFORE BOARDING THE LINER *QUEEN ELIZABETH* ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON: THE PRIME MINISTER, SIR ANTHONY EDEN, ACCOMPANIED BY MR. SELWYN LLOYD, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS. SAILING ON JANUARY 25, THE PRIME MINISTER AND FOREIGN SECRETARY WERE DUE TO OPEN THEIR TALKS WITH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND MR. DULLES SOON AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL ON JANUARY 30. BOTH MINISTERS HAD ARRANGED TO VISIT CANADA BEFORE RETURNING TO THIS COUNTRY BY AIR ON FEBRUARY 8.



BEFORE TAKING HIS SEAT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS: LORD ATTLEE (CENTRE) WITH HIS TWO SPONSORS, LORD HUNTINGDON (LEFT) AND LORD BALDWIN. On January 25, Lord Attlee received a warm welcome from the Upper House when he was formally introduced and took his seat there for the first time. Wearing scarlet and ermine robes, Lord Attlee took the oath and added his name to the Roll of Peers.



A RECORD PRICE FOR A VICTORIA CROSS: COLONEL H. N. CLOWLESS WITH THE CROSS WON IN 1855 BY SERGEANT CRAIG IN THE CRIMEA, FOR WHICH HE HAD PAID £480. On January 25, at Christie's, Colonel Clowless, acting for the Scots Guards, secured, with a final (and record) bid of £480, one of the first Victoria Crosses ever won, that awarded in 1856 to Sergeant James Craig, Scots Fusilier Guards, for gallantry at Sevastopol in September 1855.



WINNERS OF THE MONTE CARLO RALLY, IN A JAGUAR MARK VII. SALOON: (L. TO R.) MR. F. BIGGAR, MR. R. J. ADAMS (WITH THE RAINIER CUP) AND MR. D. JOHNSTON (WITH THE MONACO TROPHY). On January 21, Mr. R. J. Adams, of Belfast (with Mr. F. Biggar and Mr. D. Johnston as his crew), won the twenty-sixth Monte Carlo Rally, driving a Jaguar Mark VII. saloon. Second was the Mercedes driven by W. Schock and R. Moll. The prize for the best placed team of nominated cars was won by three Sunbeam cars.



THE tribute I am paying is belated. The impulse, however, came only this morning. It took the form of a printed copy of an address given in the Chapel of All Souls College by Lord Halifax, Chancellor of the University of Oxford and Honorary Fellow of the College, on the death of Sir Dougal Malcolm and Leopold Amery. I am adding a third name, that of Lionel Curtis, in whose company I found myself even more often than in that of the other two. The three veterans, famous men—

Ancients of the College, were very different in type, but they had in common several features, apart from their devotion to All Souls. The strongest link was that of South Africa. What Lord Halifax says of Malcolm and Amery applies to all three. They "felt the attraction of working with and for Lord Milner, and through him were introduced to a relationship with Africa, which in Malcolm's case was to end only with his death."

Amery lived and worked in the foreground of publicity, in ministerial office and party politics, whereas the other two were known only to those circles affected by their activities. Curtis, in fact, was hardly known personally to the public, though some of his writings circulated widely; he had what was almost a passion for keeping out of the limelight and, nevertheless, dealing with matters of the highest international importance from his self-ordained obscurity. Yet in one sense Amery and Curtis resembled one another more closely than either resembled Malcolm. Both were crusaders for the causes that interested and inspired them. Both had a vein of dogmatism which seemed to me to approach obstinacy at times. Malcolm was no crusader. He had his high standards and his conscience, but he was not out to reform the world. He was sceptical about perfection, but he possessed that engaging quality found in many sceptics of judging men tolerantly and, on the whole, fairly.

Everyone liked and admired Amery, and the longer he lived, the stronger these sentiments became. This was partly owing to better understanding of his career and position. At one time many people had been inclined to regard him as an extreme right-winger in politics. He may have stood a little further to the right in his youth than in his old age, but essentially he was always the same. The error was perhaps due to the fact that he was an ardent protectionist, a cause associated with right-wingers, though Joseph Chamberlain was not one and had entered politics as a Radical. On the subject of India during the Second World War, Amery—so far from being out of tune with the policy of the Government, as was thought when Sir Stafford Cripps rather than he carried the British proposals to the country—not only approved of what was intended, but thought the plan might have been even bolder.

As Lord Halifax says, Amery was completely consistent in his thought. When he was fighting for a cause only the battle counted. Conventions and sometimes even prudence were swept aside. The main cause of his long life was—fortunately—a good one, the British Commonwealth. There, of all the British statesmen of modern times scarcely one has exceeded him in vigour or in vision. A by-product of this interest was that in the machinery of imperial defence and even the constitution of the armed forces. Protection, or tariff reform, appealed to him in great part because it could be made by means of preferences to bind the Commonwealth more closely together. The impression of sincerity which he made in public was confirmed beyond a doubt in private. He was not, however, pugnacious in private argument, as was often the case in public. I always enjoyed talking to him, even when I did not agree with what he said.

Lionel Curtis used to summon me for short after-luncheon walks on Saturdays and Sundays. At one time he took my conversion to the cause of world federation in hand. Most of his friends who wrote books or engaged in journalism went through this experience. It was wasted on me because, though I could see merits in the cause, it seemed to me a matter for the next century rather than this, whereas there were some causes which appeared to me more immediate in their appeal which I intended to further to the best of my ability, and my life was too busy to allow me to engage in any others. He was not angered. He did not feel ill will toward the recruit who had

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. ANCIENTS OF THE COLLEGE.

By CYRIL FALLS,  
*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

slipped through his fingers. The walks continued, though I occasionally saw in the Christ Church meadows someone else taken out instead for sounding on the same subject. We remained good friends up to the last day I saw him.

If I smile over these recollections, it is with affection. I admired Curtis intensely. Here was a mystic, a seer, who was bored by practical detail and yet got highly practical things done. Offices teeming with bureaucrats often accomplish less than he did on his own. The South African constitution, Indian Diarchy, the Irish settlement, Chatham House—his part in these was prominent and far-reaching. He was a great force in driving other men. In his younger days, when I did not know him, he must obviously have been less casual about facts than he became during the last decade of his life, but even regarding federation, utterly impossible as it was within his lifetime, he made a deep impact on opinion. He had seen a good deal of the inside of politics and his reminiscences of political personalities were both evocative and amusing. I took

### THE LATE SIR ALEXANDER KORDA.



ONE OF THE LEADING FIGURES IN THE BRITISH FILM INDUSTRY: SIR ALEXANDER KORDA, WHO DIED AT HIS LONDON HOME ON JANUARY 23, AGED SIXTY-TWO.

Sir Alexander Korda was born in Hungary and started life as a journalist. He soon became interested in the rapidly-developing film industry and produced films in Budapest, Vienna, Berlin, Hollywood and Paris. He produced his first film in England, "Service for Ladies," in 1931, and in the following year he founded London Film Productions, of which he was still chairman when he died. Among the outstanding films which this company made under his guidance were: "The Private Life of Henry VIII," "The Four Feathers" and "The Third Man." Sir Alexander was responsible for discovering some of our greatest film actors.

particular pleasure in drawing him out on Edward Carson because he was my father's friend, and Curtis shared my admiration for him.

Dougal Malcolm was of a type unhappily much less common to-day than formerly: He had begun life as a civil servant, but had long been a businessman, a very prominent and successful one at that, yet had shed none of the adornment of his classical education. (Amery, too, had kept up his classics and his love for them, but they played a bigger part in Malcolm's life.) He wore the classic robes easily and gracefully, sometimes

jocularly, as when he spent an evening translating doubtful English limericks into unimpeachable Latin. He enjoyed turning a phrase neatly as much as most of those who listened to the process. He talked fast, never raising his voice, and his wit was of the same character, swift-moving and gentle. He was given to irony, but it was of a quiet and, generally, kindly sort. His table-talk

was good, even by the standard of a community in which this urbane art remained high. "Urbane" is an epithet which suited the man as well as his talk.

Yet it may give a false impression. Anyhow, he was not "urban," though he lived and worked in London. In his tastes he was an outdoor man, with shooting as his favourite pastime. He was also very much a Scot, even to eating his breakfast porridge standing up, in winter in firm possession of the common-room fire. He was a short man—though he topped Amery comfortably—and in his later years lost height through being cruelly bent by asthma, but he was impressive in looks, distinguished and a personality in any company. He was very plucky about his ailment. He never even looked as though he wanted unspoken sympathy for it, rarely mentioned it, and then only with a smiling shrug over a tiresome nuisance. Part of a social code, critics may say. Perhaps, but if so I cannot think that refusal to appear sorry for oneself is a bad element in a social code.

Once again, the words of Lord Halifax applied to Malcolm and Amery, apply also to Curtis. Their traits, "divergent and pronounced as they were, were modified and overtaken by two things: a view that each shared as to the responsibility in the world of the British people, and the common devotion and loyalty . . . to the College." This devotion enriched the life of the College, as the life of the College enriched the lives of these three men. They were friends of long standing. The last time I sat in a car with Malcolm was to pay a call on Curtis, who was ill. At a very early stage in their careers they had found themselves close together; then these careers diverged widely; but the College remained the thread that bound them. In the dates of their deaths, still members of the College, they were very close together once more.

None of the three is to be lamented, except in so far as natural human sentiment laments departed friends. They had lived long, full, and valuable lives. Malcolm and Curtis had been heavily marked by time, though that tough mountaineer Amery showed fewer signs of yielding to the inevitable. Life could have had little more happiness to give to the other two and might have brought misery. From the personal point of view, I count it as one of the advantages I received from my election to one of the Chichele chairs at Oxford and my fellowship of All Souls that I should have seen so much of them. In their several ways they not only gave me a great deal of pleasure but also taught me a great deal. What I write is not written in any spirit of regret or lamenting. It is what I called it in my first sentence, a tribute.

On a single occasion I fell out momentarily with one of the three. It was Curtis. He was regretting the loss of able Fellows of the College, killed in the First World War, and arguing that the country could not afford to put such men "into the trenches," and ought not to do so. I answered that, in my view, in exceptional cases young men who did some particular work exceptionally well might be put to doing it in time of war, but only for that reason and not to preserve them. I said I found the doctrine of deliberately preserving an élite unworthy and, in any case, unavailing, because, though they might afterwards be an élite in the intellectual sense, they would no longer be that in the moral, certainly not to others, and probably not to themselves. I considered there was more to be said for refusal to go to war on any provocation than for trying to shield the ablest young men from its consequences. He turned away, impatient and angry, but the mood quickly passed. I am sure I was right.

I now feel dissatisfied with what I have written. I doubt whether I have made these sketches realistic. It would take a better pen than mine to render substantial these three figures, so appealing in their resemblance and in their far greater divergence. I should do no better at a second attempt. Any virtue appearing in my effort is due to my gratitude for their kindness and for the memory of their company, their talk, and their characters.

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The gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the personalities and events of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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ONE OF THE COUNSELLORS OF STATE DURING THE QUEEN'S ABSENCE IN NIGERIA : H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, IN A CHARMING RECENT PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING A VISIT TO THE THEATRE.

It was announced in the *London Gazette* on January 20 that Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke of Gloucester, the Princess Royal and Lord Harewood would act as Counsellors of State during the Queen's visit to Nigeria. This photograph of the Princess was taken when she attended the

preview of "Plain and Fancy" at Drury Lane Theatre on January 24. Her Royal Highness is a great lover of music and drama and is a frequent visitor to the London theatres; and her opinion is much valued by other members of the Royal family.



## THE OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES AT CORTINA: THE SETTING AND THE OPENING STAGES.



MONKS FROM A NEAR-BY MONASTERY ADMIRE THE MAGNIFICENT NEW SKI-JUMPING HILL "ITALIA" AT CORTINA D'AMPEZZO.



THE VIIIth OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES WERE FORMALLY OPENED BY THE ITALIAN PRESIDENT ON JANUARY 26. THE SCENE IN THE STADIO DEL GHIACCIO, SHOWING THE FLAGS OF THE 32 COMPETING NATIONS.



MAGNIFICENTLY SET AMONG THE MOUNTAINS: THE SUPERB NEW ICE STADIUM (STADIO DEL GHIACCIO) AT CORTINA D'AMPEZZO, SEEN WHEN IT WAS NEARING COMPLETION IN THE AUTUMN.



WHERE COMPETITORS FROM THIRTY-TWO NATIONS ARE COMPETING FOR OLYMPIC HONOURS: THE TOWN OF CORTINA D'AMPEZZO SURROUNDED BY THE MOUNTAINS OF THE DOLOMITES.



SECOND IN THE OLYMPIC TWO-MEN BOBS: ITALY'S NO. 2 BOBSLEIGH TEAM AT SPEED ON THE BOB TRACK AT CORTINA.



PREPARING THE REVOLUTIONARY "FLOATING RINK" ON LAKE MISURINA, NEAR CORTINA.



THE NO. 1 UNITED STATES TWO-MAN BOBSLEIGH TEAM ON THE RUN AT CORTINA. THEY CAME FIFTH IN THE FINAL.

On January 26 the VIIth Winter Olympic Games were formally opened by the Italian President, Signor Gronchi, at a ceremony in the newly-built *Stadio del Ghiaccio* at Cortina D'Ampezzo, in the Italian Dolomites. This magnificent stadium, which is shown above nearing completion, acts as the ceremonial centre

of the Games, and it is there that the Olympic flame is burning. More than 1200 competitors from thirty-two nations are taking part in the Games, and at Cortina they have been provided with the most up-to-date facilities set among the beautiful surroundings of the Italian Dolomites.



## HARVESTING THE "BREAD" OF THE EAST: RICE PRODUCTION IN BALI AND JAPAN.



IN BALI: RICE BEING THRESHED IN A TROUGH MADE OF A HOLLOWED LOG (RIGHT) AND GRAIN BEING POUNDED IN A STONE MORTAR.



WINNOWING RICE IN BALI BY BOUNCING IT UP AND DOWN ON A BASKET. THE CHAFF IS BLOWN OFF WITH THE MOTION BUT IT IS A SLOW PROCESS.

Rice was introduced into Bali at a very early time and became, as in so many Oriental countries, the staple food. The fertile fields yield two large crops of rice a year and the climate remains at a constant temperature, so that planting can be done at any time. The Balinese are easily the most expert rice-growers in the Archipelago, irrigating admirably in native style. From a distance the green-terraced hillsides resemble hanging gardens. In his book "Bali," published by Robert Hale, Mr. Philip Hanson Hiss wrote: "Elaborate ceremonies of purification



HARVEST-TIME IN BALI: ONLY MEN PLANT THE RICE IN BALI BUT WOMEN MAY COME TO THE FIELDS TO HELP IN GATHERING IN THE HARVEST.



PAUSING IN HER THRESHING TO SMILE PROUDLY AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER: A FARMER'S WIFE IN JAPAN, WHERE MECHANICAL AIDS FOR THRESHING ARE EMPLOYED.

accompany each phase of work in the fields, offerings are made to the gods and the demons, and the harvest is celebrated by feasts and music. Certain days are set apart for the planting of rice; a prescribed time must elapse between the time when the water is let into the sawahs and when the ploughing begins, between ploughing and planting, and between planting and when the water is drained off; women may not plant rice . . . there are a thousand rules and superstitions which make rice culture at once a science and a colourful spectacle."



## GROWING RICE: "THE STAFF OF LIFE" OF THE GREATER PART OF THE WORLD



GLEAMING IN THE SUNSHINE ON THE HILLSIDES OF BALI: EMERALD-GREEN TERRACES OF RICE SEEN AGAINST THE BACKGROUND OF GUNUNG AGUNG, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN.

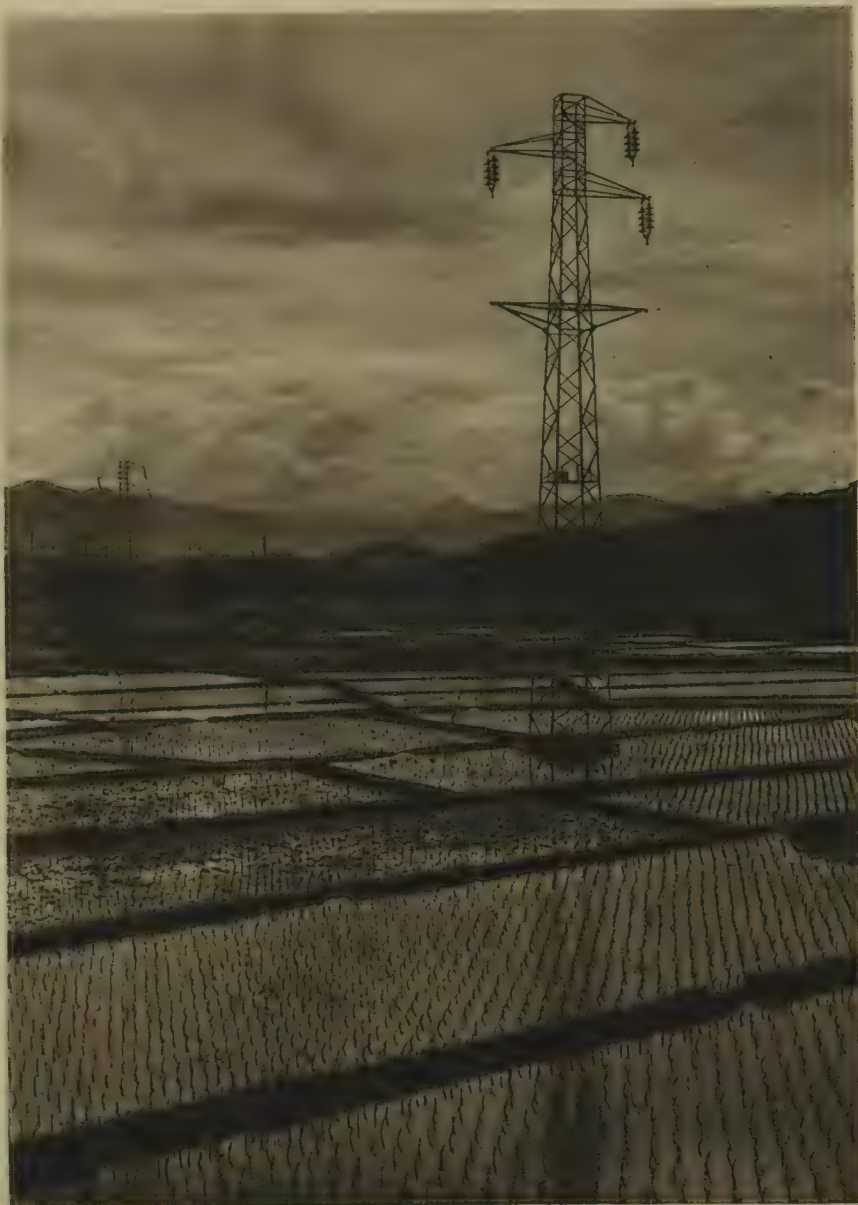


IN ONE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST RICE-GROWING AREAS: A NEWLY-PLANTED RICE-PADDY IN JAVA. TROPICAL RAINS AND IRRIGATION DITCHES KEEP THE FIELDS FLOODED.



HARVEST-TIME IN JAPAN: RICE-FIELDS BY THE SEA. THE STUBBLE LEFT IN THE PADDIES AFTER THE RICE IS CUT IS LATER PLOUGHED IN.

To the greater part of the world—over 70 per cent. of the population—rice, and not bread, is the "staff of life." From tropical Bali, where worship of the rice goddess is still an active cult, to Northern Japan, which celebrates with festivals the first planting and harvests of their national staple food, this grain is truly the basis of life itself. Methods of cultivation vary greatly, as do the varieties grown; often a technique that is highly successful in one country fails completely when imported to another where different conditions prevail. This was



FORMING A CHEQUERED PATTERN IN THE WIDE VALLEY: NEWLY-PLANTED RICE-FIELDS IN JAPAN, WHERE THE SUMMER RAINY SEASON KEEPS THE FIELDS FLOODED.

demonstrated during the war, when the Japanese conquerors of Bali tried to change the cultivation methods of the Balinese, who throughout the years have developed their own highly successful techniques based on local conditions. Finally, the Japanese were forced to admit the superiority of Balinese methods as adapted to that island and they had to abandon the experiment as a complete failure. The Japanese, with a population of over 88,000,000 trying to live on the rice grown on four comparatively barren and rocky islands in the North Pacific, are

*[Continued on opposite page.]*





THE MOST CONSPICUOUS STRUCTURE IN THE FAMILY COMPOUND IN BALI: THE GRANARY, WHICH IS PERCHED HIGH ABOVE THE OTHER BUILDINGS.



PULLING SEEDLINGS FROM THE NURSERY BEDS FOR TRANSPLANTING INTO THE PADDIES: A SCENE IN JAPAN, WHERE WOMEN DO MOST OF THE PLANTING.

*Continued.*

forced by sheer necessity to develop the highest yield per foot of arable land. To achieve this they use the soil merely as a medium in which the seed and plants are held during the process of turning light, water and chemicals into food. The long over-worked soil can provide nothing in the way of nutriment, and instead the Japanese farmer has to pour into the fields every ounce of the chemicals necessary for growth that he can obtain. A small amount of this is in the form of prepared chemicals, such as potassium and nitrates, but the rest is either vegetable matter

## STEPS IN THE CULTIVATION OF RICE: THE STAPLE DIET OF MANY MILLIONS.



A FARMYARD SCENE: THE RICE, AFTER BEING WINNOWED BY HAND, IS DRIED AND RAKED ON STRAW MATS SPREAD OUT ON THE GROUND.



A STAGE IN THE CULTIVATION OF THE YOUNG PLANTS: MEN IN BALI STIRRING UP VOLCANIC MUD WITH LONG POLES AND WEEDING OUT THE FUNGUS GROWTH.

ploughed in to enrich the soil, or human waste, with the great emphasis on the latter. China, too, depends on this fertiliser for its rice crops, but to a lesser degree. In the tropical countries, such as Bali, the cultivation of rice is based on the seemingly endless richness of the earth itself, for Balinese rice-fields are irrigated by water heavy with fertile volcanic mud which is washed down from the mountain slopes with each daily rainstorm, and keeps the fields in a high state of fertility without the addition of organic or chemical fertilisers.



## A CRIMEAN V.C. WRITES TO HIS FAMILY.

"HENRY CLIFFORD, V.C. HIS LETTERS AND SKETCHES FROM THE CRIMEA." With an Introduction by GENERAL SIR BERNARD PAGET, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

AFTER a hundred years' seclusion in the family archives at Ugbrooke there have now come to light a series of letters from a young officer to his family, which really constitute (as they were intended to do) a continuous journal of the Crimean War—from the arrival of our troops at Varna to the fall of battered Sebastopol and the Peace. Even alone they would be extremely interesting, but the author was as good with pencil and brush as he was with pen, and the numerous sketches of war here reproduced (some in colour) greatly embellish the narrative.

Of all the histories of all our wars I think the history of the Crimean War is the most hurting to read. Our troops were sent to Bulgaria and died in droves of cholera; they were then packed off to the Crimea with virtually no transport, no medical supplies, no clothes for the bitter winter, and no food, except biscuits and a diminished ration of salt pork. The men in the hospitals died for lack of attention; the horses died for lack of hay (there are some ghastly pictures of horses here); and for a long time men died in the trenches, frozen for lack of covering. "Someone had blundered" was the verdict on the glorious but idiotic Charge of the Light Brigade, which Clifford witnessed from a height, and on which he heard the caustic-sympathetic comments of French soldiers. But someone blundered all the way, in every department. Journalists at home were inclined to blame the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Raglan; but what could he do if he wasn't backed up? The whole thing was a ghastly mess, for which the War Office and the Government at home were responsible; and the troops, officers and men, fought as well as British troops have ever fought. That I have read the horrible story all over again, on which I turned my back long ago, is entirely due to the great spirit and vivid narrative powers of H. H. Clifford. He was a man of peculiar descent. The first Lord Clifford, scion of the great mediaeval house of de Clifford, was the honest Clifford of Charles II's "Cabal," and his grandfather, whose wife died young, was Cardinal Weld.

which shows clearly the characters of the two men, and their mutual understanding. One day on manoeuvres a movement went awry and confusion followed. The Commander-in-Chief turned upon his A.D.C. and, before a group of senior and junior officers, called him a 'damned fool.' The party were aghast, but not so Henry. 'Sir,' he replied, 'I am not prepared to stand here and be called a "damned fool" before all these other damned fools,' and the incident passed off with good humour."

In October 1877 he was gazetted Major-General with seniority as from August 1, 1869: as he had, by that time, seven surviving children, and he a younger son, the promotion was probably welcomed. There seemed little chance of his serving overseas again. But in 1879 there was war in Africa again and he was sent to South Africa to take charge of L. of C. between Durban and the forces in the field. He emerged from that war as Major-General and K.C.M.G. He had one very sad duty there. "The Prince Imperial was killed in tragic and unjustifiable circumstances. His mother journeyed out to visit the scene and Henry was selected to be her escort. His rank made him eligible and his command of French and his religion rendered him congenial. The sensitive and sympathetic side of his nature, which shows so clearly in the Journal, helped the Empress through those difficult weeks, and to this day Henry's grandchildren retain little tokens of gratitude which she gave to Henry in memory of their sad journey together. His task in South Africa completed, Henry returned to England, with only three years to live. He was to die with tragic suddenness at the early age of fifty-six. But there was still a little time, and yet more work to do."

He was appointed to command Eastern District; but he began to suffer, and acute cancer was diagnosed. He had to give up, and his nephew Lewis, now Lord Clifford, put Ugbrooke at the disposal of him and his wife. He went back to his Devonshire home to die and "the last glimpse of him is in this quiet



"WE, THE 'CAPTAIN CLIFFORD LOT,' ARE ALL IN GOOD HEALTH, SERVANTS, JACOB, HORSES AND ALL, AND MY LETTER WILL TELL YOU IN WHAT GOOD SPIRITS." FEBRUARY 12, 1855: HENRY HUGH CLIFFORD IN THE CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

Clifford, who had been through a Kaffir war as a young subaltern (and acquired a comic Negro batman who was his familiar in the Crimea), may certainly be said to have led a charmed life in that bloody and wasteful campaign. He was A.D.C. to two successive generals but was in the thick of the fray at the Alma, won his Victoria Cross at Inkerman and was continuously under fire outside Sebastopol. He was evidently a first-class soldier. As Sir Bernard Paget says, he was "inspired by an absolute sense of duty which he always put first, before his own safety or interests" and "even by our standards of to-day he would certainly be classed as well above the average of his rank." When he came back from the Crimea, as a brevet-major, his father thought that he might follow two of his brothers into the priesthood. He examined the question, as he would have honestly examined anything, but, in the end, wrote to his brother William, prospective R.C. Bishop of Clifton: "I send you these few lines to say that I have just come out of my eight days' Retreat, which I have made very much to my satisfaction under Père Ravignan, S.J. Neither he nor I can discover any vocation in me for a Priest or Monk. Père Ravignan of course thinks as I do as to my future state of life." By 1857 he was married to Josephine Anstice, able daughter of a brilliant father, and a regular contributor to the journals which Charles Dickens edited—a thing which would incidentally have interested Clifford, who read Dickens's "Hard Times" in a bell-tent during a Russian winter and thought that, if the novelist would come out to the Crimea with his eye and his note-book, he would be able to record a jolly sight Harder lot of Times than he had found at home. He remained in the Army and mounted in the ordinary peace-time way of the nineteenth century. In 1860 he became Assistant Quartermaster-General at Aldershot, and in 1864 became a Brevet Colonel. In 1869 he got the C.B., and in 1870 became A.D.C. to the Duke of Cambridge, then Commander-in-Chief, a Royal personage, very genial, but at moments irascible. "An incident," says the Editor of these papers, "is recorded



BREVET-MAJOR HENRY HUGH CLIFFORD. FROM A PORTRAIT BY FRANCESCO PODESTI, PAINTED IN ROME DURING THE WINTER OF 1856-57, BEFORE THE AWARD OF THE VICTORIA CROSS, AND NOW IN POSSESSION OF LORD CLIFFORD OF CHUDLEIGH AT UGBROOKE PARK. Illustrations reproduced from the book "Henry Clifford, V.C. His Letters and Sketches from the Crimea," by courtesy of the publisher, Michael Joseph.

countryside, paint-brush in hand. His last picture showed 'the closing year, a setting sun, a snow-covered grave.'

He was aware of *The Illustrated London News*, wondering, in the early stages, why it hadn't a correspondent on the spot, and sending it a drawing, which was published. Had cancer not smitten him early he might have risen further in rank and become a powerful army-reformer, had the fleeting politicians allowed him so to do. That his family carried on his tradition of service is attested by the dedication:

TO THE MEMORY OF  
HENRY CLIFFORD'S SECOND SON  
BRIGADIER GENERAL HENRY CLIFFORD D.S.O.  
SUFFOLK REGIMENT  
WHO WAS KILLED IN ACTION  
11TH SEPTEMBER 1916  
AND OF THE SIX OF HIS NINE GRANDSONS WHO  
GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR

There is a portrait of Clifford here, painted in Rome, with a voluminous, but tidy, Crimean beard. The portrait has the same effect as the beard: it is that of an utterly brave, intelligent, and sincere man, tolerant of stupidity and impatient of shams. I don't know how other people, who read about the past, feel about men who are dead and gone. But for me I keep on encountering dead men of whom I think: "I should like to have met that one." Some of these are conventionally illustrious like Shakespeare, Dr. Johnson and the Duke of Wellington. But, after reading this book, I frankly confess that Clifford, to me, ranks equally with any of them.

\* "Henry Clifford, V.C. His Letters and Sketches from the Crimea." With an Introduction by General Sir Bernard Paget, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C. Illustrations and Maps. (Michael Joseph; 42s.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 184 of this issue.





WAVING A LAST GOOD-BYE BEFORE LEAVING FOR NIGERIA: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT LONDON AIRPORT. BELOW THEM, PRINCESS MARGARET, THE QUEEN MOTHER, PRINCE CHARLES AND PRINCESS ANNE TALK WITH AIRPORT OFFICIALS.



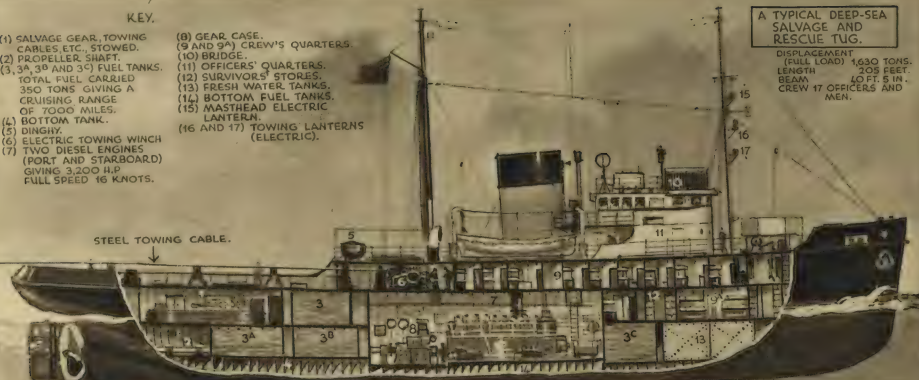


NIGERIA WELCOMES HER MAJESTY: THE QUEEN ARRIVING AT THE CITY BOUNDARY IN LAGOS, WHERE SHE WAS WELCOMED BY OBA ADENIJI ADELE II, WEARING A CROWN, AND OTHER DIGNITARIES.



# KEY.

- (1) SALVAGE GEAR, TOWING CABLES ETC., STOWED.
- (2) PROPELLER SHAFT.
- (3, 3A, 3B AND 3C) FUEL TANKS.
- (4) TOTAL FUEL CARRIED 350 TONS GIVING A CRUISING RANGE OF 7000 MILES.
- (5) BOTTOM TANK.
- (6) DINGHY.
- (7) ELECTRIC TOWING WINCH (PORT AND STARBORD) GIVING 3,500 H.P. FULL SPEED 16 KNOTS.
- (8) GEAR CASE.
- (9 AND 9A) CREW'S QUARTERS.
- (10) BRIDGE.
- (11) OFFICERS' QUARTERS.
- (12) SURVIVORS' STORES.
- (13) FRESH WATER TANKS.
- (14) BOTTOM FUEL TANKS.
- (15) MASTHEAD ELECTRIC LANTERN.
- (16 AND 17) TOWING LANTERNS (ELECTRIC).



## A TYPICAL DEEP-SEA SALVAGE AND RESCUE TUG.

DISPLACEMENT (FULL LOAD) 1630 TONS.  
LENGTH 208 FEET.  
BEAM 40 FT 5 IN.  
CREW 17 OFFICERS AND MEN.

## THE TECHNIQUE EMPLOYED IN TAKING A CASUALTY IN TOW.

2. THE TUG CIRCLES THE CASUALTY, DECIDING HOW BEST TO TAKE THE SHIP IN TOW.

CASUALTY DOWN BY THE BOWS AND OUT OF CONTROL.

4. THE TUG NOW CONNECTS UP WITH A HEAVIER CABLE.

3. THE TUG FIRES A LIGHT LINE ON TO THE POOP OF THE CASUALTY.

1. WITH THE AID OF RADIO, RADAR, AND EXCELLENT NAVIGATION THE TUG REACHES THE CASUALTY AND RADIO'S HER ARRIVAL TO OTHER SHIPS IN THE VICINITY.

5. TUG PAYS OUT THE 3 INCH STEEL CABLE PRIOR TO BEGINNING TO TOW.

## "NO CURE, NO PAY"

SOMEWHERE ON THE STANDARD LLOYD'S AGREEMENT A PAYMENT ONLY IF SALVAGE IS SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED. FREQUENTLY A TUG MAY STEAM HUNDREDS OF MILES IN THE TEETH OF A FIERCE GALE TO FIND A RIVAL HAS GOT THERE FIRST AND CONNECTED UP WITH THE CASUALTY.



MAXIMUM LENGTH OF TOW IS

## SEAMANSHIP.



SPLENDID SEAMANSHIP IS REQUIRED TO MANOEUVRE THE TUG SO AS TO GET RIGHT IN CLOSE TO THIS CASUALTY AND FIRE A LIGHT LINE ON BOARD IN THE TEETH OF A FIERCE OCEAN GALE.

APPROXIMATELY 2000 FEET (DRAWN TO SCALE).

## SKEWERING.



IN THE COURSE OF THE TOW THE CASUALTY, OUT OF CONTROL, MAY SHEER OVER IN ALL DIRECTIONS AND IN THE GUSTY DARKNESS MAY SUDDENLY COME CHARGING DOWN ON THE TUG.

## THE POWERFUL ELECTRIC TOWING WINCH.



APPROXIMATELY 350 FATHOMS OF STEEL TOWING CABLE.

## TOWAGE.



TUGS OF THIS TYPE ARE PREPARED TO TOW GREAT UNWIELDY OBJECTS, SUCH AS FLOATING DOCKS, CAISSONS, AND GRAIN ELEVATORS ACROSS THE WORLD.

WHERE SKILL, HEROISM AND ENDURANCE ARE MATCHED AGAINST THE FURY OF THE OCEAN FOR HIGH STAKES: DEEP-SEA SALVAGE—THE SHIPS AND THEIR METHODS DESCRIBED AND DISPLAYED.  
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE ADMIRALTY AND OVERSEAS TOWAGE AND SALVAGE CO., LTD.





ONE OF THE WORLD'S OLDEST TYPES OF CANOE—STILL IN USE IN THE EUPHRATES MARSHES: THE ZAIMA, MADE FROM GIANT REEDS, WITHIES AND THREE STICKS, THE WHOLE COATED WITH PITCH.

*Photograph by Wilfred Thesiger, D.S.O.*





A SHIPBUILDER FOR LILLIPUT—A "CAIRO" CLASS CRUISER IN MINIATURE IS READIED FOR FINAL TRIALS AND COMMISSIONING. THE EXACTING ART OF THE MODELLIST DEMANDS EXPERT KNOWLEDGE AS WELL AS CRAFTSMANSHIP AND INFINITE PATIENCE.





ONE OF HER LAST FILMS? ON THE SET OF "HIGH SOCIETY": MISS GRACE KELLY, BEAUTIFUL FILM-STAR FIANCÉE OF PRINCE RAINIER OF MONACO, OPENING A PRESENT WITH THE AID OF MR. FRANK SINATRA.



## THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## AT THE DOOR.

By J. C. TREWIN

I WRITE this just as the door is about to open on a new theatrical season. The season has taken its time to begin; but we need shuffle our feet no longer in an ante-room hung with the holiday tinsel that now looks a trifle tired. The door quivers; slowly it moves open. Wait for it. . . .

You must forgive the drama. My mind has been running on doors since, a few hours ago, I met a new play in a provincial theatre. Obviously the cast had not grown used to double doors at the back of the stage. To go out or to come in was a difficult manoeuvre that needed both hands and a dexterous bit of footwork. But as a play-title says, "A Door Should be Either Open or Shut" (*Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*). By the time the new piece reaches London its players will know all about their doors. It is only reasonable that they should: the people they act have lived in this house for most of their lives.

As I watched the tentative to-and-fro, all the doors and gates in drama seemed to be opening and shutting in memory. I recalled a famous effect at Stratford-upon-Avon years ago (Bridges-Adams directing) when the Romans beat down the gates of Corioli. And, less dramatically, I remembered the anguish in a villain's gaze during one of the tediously-carpentered thrillers from the mid-nineteen-twenties. He had just realised what he had said. "Don't struggle!" he had snarled at the heroine. "I've locked the key and the door is in my pocket." As he spoke he tapped his waistcoat, and he was still tapping it when his expression seemed to glaze.

Poor fellow, his misery matched that of a heroine at the same theatre who was battering furiously on the door of the room in which she was locked. Suddenly it opened and she shot through, crying at the pitch of her voice, "Let me out! Let me out!" I think, too, of an actor's struggle with a door-handle until he could do no more; the wretched thing was jammed. Nonchalantly he observed, "Then this shall be my way," and slipped out through the window. If it had been a french window it would not have been so bad, but he was on a top floor and the audience, gasping, waited for a crash below. Nothing happened; life had to go on, and presently the door was forced open somehow from the other side. What is a play without its exits and its entrances?

What indeed! I confess to exasperation with the sort of make-believe in which an actor steps over an imaginary lintel or turns an airy knob. Not for me the permanent set in which the world is composed of ramps and steps and rostrums and not a door is in sight. True, we must have this kind of thing in classical drama; but I am at heart a doorman, one of the linkmen, the funkeys, the commissionaires of drama. I pine to fling open a door, to usher myself through it, to announce myself for the pleasure of the thing, and to show myself out.

There are one or two splendid Shakespearian doors. (And no moaning from the pedants, please.) Think of those in "Hamlet" that are "broke" after the King's Switzers have failed to guard them and Lærtès has appeared with those jubilant Danes who cry "Let's come in!" (I remember an unfortunate night, years ago, when the doors splintered, off-stage, a good half-minute after Lærtès had entered.) Then there is the gate that the Porter opens in "Macbeth"; I like to see Macduff, framed in the daybreak, as the airs of morning rise about nighted Inverness. There is the sinister repetition at the end of the fourth scene of the second act of "Lear": "Shut up your doors" from Regan, and Cornwall's "Shut up your doors, my lord, 'tis a wild night." And I wait for the moment when Othello, his world eclipsed, opens to the desperate knocking of Emilia.

As I lay awake on a frigid January night, remembering these things, I thought of door after door along the years: grated, massive, dungeon doors; secret apertures made for the flourish of a phosphorescent hand; the swinging, rattling doors of bedroom farce; symbolic doors that give upon some Utopia or some lost land of the mind; bar doors, palace doors, the doors through which Ædipus comes blinded, the door beyond which Lob's Wood rises at midsummer. It is easy to catalogue; but I want now to indulge myself by walking through a door long lost.

It was not upon the stage. It was not a pass-door, as the theatre knows the word. But it was, nevertheless, a form of pass-door, the way to the theatre and to all that was miraculous: the entrance to the pit in a vanished provincial playhouse, a famous "Royal." Here was a magnificent building, centre of its city, as all good theatres should be. The front row of the pit, severed carefully from the stalls by a breast-high wooden partition—none of your flimsy red ropes—was one of the best places in the house.

To reach it you had to queue, and in the queue you had to make an urgent decision. This was the pit door. But there was still the matter of "Early Doors." It meant another ninepence: if you paid it you could enter the pit twenty minutes before the rest of the queue (miserable beings barred by an angel with a flaming sword) and grab what seat you wished—a vital raid since there were pillars in the pit further back, and it was often hard (though this came with practice) to relate the number of people outside to the number of seats within. What might be your possible position as, say, the ninety-seventh entrant at "ordinary doors" and ordinary prices?

It was an exciting game of chance. Sometimes you acted rashly. Myself, I went through the "Early Doors" for a Saturday matinée of "Twelfth Night" in a blazing June and found that the pit audience consisted of seven and that the entire theatre held about fifteen. But I was too cautious once with "Our Betters" and had dismally to perch behind my most dreaded pillar—a broad, repellent mass—with Lady George Grayston's drawing-room somewhere far away down a tunnel on the extreme left: the "lines of sight" here could be odd. Like the sea, not far off, this loved pit was full of unexpected rocks and shoals.

That was far too long ago. The theatre has gone—and, with it, the pit, though there may be a spectral "Early Doors" queue on some shivering night in late February: good friends, good ghosts. For that matter, the pit everywhere is a ghostly shadow. It saddens me to sit now, in some London theatre, in what was once the pit, later the pit stalls, and, after that, part of the stalls proper (no fuss about it). The gallery survives, with some of the gallery queues. The pit is a legend forgotten. "Early Doors" is an archaism.

Never mind. The old names linger with me, and on these nights when a season is about to begin, when house-lights fade and curtain quivers, it is not hard to think oneself back. "Here's a door. Let's open it!" as the Dickensian wooer might have said. We do open it. It is the pit door. It is "Early Doors." And it is a pass-door to a fadeless Paradise.

## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

## DELINQUENTS ALL.

By ALAN DENT

ANYTHING less pretty or less sentimental than the three latest revelations of the American way of life can hardly be imagined.

It is as though three brilliant film-directors—Otto Preminger in "The Man with the Golden Arm," William Wyler in "The Desperate Hours" and Nicholas Ray in "Rebel Without a Cause"—had set out deliberately to deny that there is any such thing as "gracious living" left in the Western World.

Personally, I have a sneaking feeling that there is always a little bit of decency lurking somewhere around the corner, and it may be this that makes me think "The Desperate Hours" to be the best and most convincing of these three films. It is about a comfortable residence in Indianapolis which is suddenly invaded and held by three desperate runaway criminals who have escaped from a federal prison near by. Obviously they cannot stay for ever. But the brain in the trio (Humphrey Bogart) has thought out most ways by which they may stay for twenty-four desperate hours and more, allowing Mr. Hilliard (Fredric March) and his daughter to go about their workaday business, but keeping Mrs. Hilliard and nine-year-old Junior under close arrest and as immediate hostages should there be any betrayal to the police.

Once or twice I had my doubts about the credibility of this disturbing business. I rather wondered, for example, that the chief rogue should not immediately have thought of removing all keys from all bedroom doors, and so have prevented Mrs. Hilliard and her son from locking themselves in, at an important juncture near the end. The general clumsiness and dilatoriness of the police's method of tracking down these desperadoes also had me wondering somewhat, so that once or twice in this Indianapolis I had a thought of "Juno and the Paycock" and found myself transcribing the famous taunt at the end of the play which Mrs. Maisie Madigan throws at the waiting bobbies: "As far as I can see, the Polis as Polis, in this State of Indiana, is Null an' Void!"

But this was merely a minute or two in over a hundred minutes of sheer and subtly enjoyable alarm. My general point is that what holds our interest and keeps us from impatience and irritation and even disgust is the fact that it is a human and humane family which the trio of subhumans invades. Mr. Wyler, a meticulous director if ever there was one, stresses this aspect as if well aware of its importance. It very greatly assists the feeling of alarm which this film must set up in any observer who is as decent as we are ourselves, or as the Hilliard family.

In both of the other films we can look on with a comparative detachment. In "The Man with the Golden Arm" we spend our entire time in the squalidest streets in the city of Chicago—about half of it in two grim bar-rooms and a cellar used as a poker joint, and the rest of it in a tenement house where our drug-riden hero Frankie (Frank Sinatra) keeps a starry-eyed little mistress (Kim Novak) on the ground floor, and a malingering wife in a wheeled chair (Eleanor Parker) on the top floor. Sometimes, it is true, we cross the street with our Frankie. But that is only when a nasty dope-peddler (a sickeningly good performance by Darren McGavin) trots us over to his place to be given a quick shot of heroin in the elbow.

Frankie begins as a newly-cured man emerging from hospital, takes up a new ambition as a drummer in a dance band, falls back on his old livelihood as an unsurpassed expert in dealing at poker (hence the film's title), and is finally and fatally driven back by his nagging wife to his old addiction to heroin. Mr. Sinatra's performance will startle even his best admirers—among whom we did not enrol ourselves when he was merely content to be a singer. That one of the Bruegel family who was nicknamed Hellish Bruegel—Pieter the Younger, I think it is—because of his addiction to painting scenes with devils, hags, or robbers is evoked by the types in the bar-rooms and round the poker table. Mr. Preminger, in short, is another first-rate director whose one fault is to be too unsparing and (since he has written his own script) too unwilling to grant us even a hint of human honesty. We come away from this film feeling that this is genuine low life, but life just about as low as it can be lived.

The characters in "Rebel Without a Cause" are distinctly better off and live in a town in California. But this picture can be surveyed with just about the same degree of detachment as the last one. For everybody in it, without any exception, is rotten or weak, or both together. Here again the script has been written by the director, Nicholas Ray—a fact which always makes for a greater cohesion and coherency. Mr. Ray's theme is adolescent delinquency at a very odd school whose chief study would seem to be astronomy, and Mr. Ray's chief contention would seem to be that parents are largely to be blamed for the sins of their children. They give them too much money and too much coddling and too ready a forgiveness.

We begin in a police-station where our hero Jimmy (James Dean) has been brought in singing-drunk and first meets our heroine (Natalie Wood), who has been arrested for wandering the streets late at night because she is unhappy at home. They are both what is popularly known as "crazy mixed-up kids," and they immediately awake in us a crazy longing to knock their heads together. Not so in their parents, however. The boy's parents give him too much affection and indulgence; the girl's don't give her enough. Even more crazy and still more mixed-up is another lad (Sal Mineo) whose abnormal affection for Jimmy meets with nothing but a shrug of the shoulders, whose divorced parents have left him alone in a large house with a Coal Black Mammy, and who sleeps with a gun beneath his pillow. The three indulge in madcap larks in and out of an empty swimming-pool late at night to an extent which made one long for somebody to fill the tank and at least force them to learn to swim. At school during the day, incidentally, no one seems to learn anything except the names of the chief constellations in the night sky, and the closed books tucked beneath all these students' arms remain closed.

But they do learn to make love, and to drink, and to drive cars to the very edges of a cliff, and even, on one occasion, right over it—which naturally involves further trouble with the police. Remarks like "Nobody can help me" and "I'm all confused and belong to no place" and "I'm just the type that nothing fits" and "One might as well be dead anyway," are as common in the script as blackberries in an October hedge.

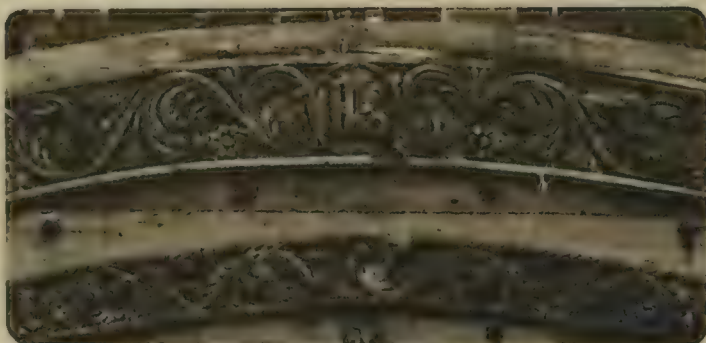
Mr. Ray does not convince us that his cases are not far more particular than general. But his film is well made in its way, and the central performance of James Dean is compelling enough, in its sullen and sulky manner, to make us realise what a loss to the screen was the death of this young actor in a motoring accident a few weeks ago.



# LOVELY ANTIQUE CRAFT OF THE PERSIAN GULF: TYPES OF ARAB DHOWS.



(ABOVE.)  
FREEING A JAMMED  
ROPE IN THE RIG-  
GING OF A "BOOM."  
IT IS UNNECESSARY  
TO GO ALOFT IN  
THESE CRAFT UN-  
LESS A ROPE JAMS.  
THE CREW OF A  
"BOOM" MAY CON-  
SIST OF ARABS,  
PERSIANS AND  
NEGROES.



THE ELABORATE CARVING ON THE STERN OF AN ARAB *BAGHILA*; AND (ABOVE) DETAIL  
SHOWING THE CHRISTIAN MONOGRAM I.H.S., PROBABLY COPIED FROM ONE OF THE PORTUGUESE  
CRAFT WHICH WERE COMMON IN THESE WATERS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



RAISING THE MAINSAIL BY HOISTING THE YARD BY HAND. THE SAIL IS NEVER  
REEFED, BUT IS LOWERED AND REPLACED BY A SMALLER SAIL.



UNDERGOING REPAIRS AT DUBAI, ON THE TRUCIAL COAST: AN ARAB *BAGHILA*, WITH AN  
ELABORATELY CARVED STERN.

MR. Wilfred Thesiger, D.S.O., took these photographs when he travelled from Dubai, on the Trucial coast, to Bahrein. He found the busy waterfront at Dubai a fascinating sight. There were endless *sambuks* and *jolboats* (a smaller type of dhow). Many of the latter, which are used for short voyages along the Persian Gulf, had been converted into motor-launches. The *baghila* shown was photographed at Dubai when undergoing repairs. It is a type of craft almost extinct, for the Arabs maintain that the "boom" is more seaworthy. The elaborate carving on the stern is very unusual, and the inclusion of the Christian monogram I.H.S. above the ports must have been copied from one of the Portuguese craft which were common in those waters in the sixteenth century. The crews of the "booms" are usually very mixed and may consist of Arabs, Persians and Negroes.

Photographs by Wilfred Thesiger, D.S.O.



## PLYING FROM ARABIA TO INDIA AND AFRICA: OCEAN-GOING DHOWS.



A "LOVELY ANTIQUE CRAFT SURGING THROUGH THE GLITTERING SEA": A LARGE OCEAN-GOING "BOOM," OR KIND OF DHOW, UNDER FULL SAIL, RUNNING BACK UP THE PERSIAN GULF TO ITS HOME PORT OF KUWAIT. THE AWNING AFT SHELTERS THE *NAKHODA* (MASTER) AND PASSENGERS.



UNLOADING HER CARGO: ONE OF THE LARGE OCEAN-GOING "BOOMS" WHICH NOW SAIL UNDISTURBED FROM KUWAIT TO BOMBAY AND ZANZIBAR THROUGH NARROW SEAS ONCE DREADED AS THE PIRATE COAST—OFF WHICH BRITISH WARSHIPS FOUGHT MANY BATTLES WITH CORSAIRS BEFORE THEIR POWER WAS BROKEN A CENTURY AGO.

The "boom" is a variety of Arab dhow very popular in the Persian Gulf. Such boats, which undertake a voyage a year to Zanzibar or to Bombay, are still being built at Kuwait on the ancient traditional lines. With a favourable wind these craft—few of which have been fitted with auxiliary engines—can reach Aden from Basra in eight days. Though Bahrein is much modernised to-day, the great ocean-going dhows gather there during May and June, having sailed from Africa,

just as similar craft have done through the centuries. Mr. Wilfred Thesiger, who took the photographs on this and the facing page, made the voyage in a "boom" from Dubai, on the Trucial coast, after the war. It was late in the season and the journey took eleven days, as they met with head winds and with calms. Every-one lives on deck, and the awning aft shown in the upper photograph shelters passengers and the *nakhoda* (master).

Photographs by Wilfred Thesiger, D.S.O.





THE farmyard has not often attracted the attention of potters—that is, of potters working for a highly sophisticated clientèle, which in its turn means working in porcelain. Earthenware, intended for a rustic mantelpiece (or, as Miss Nancy Mitford would have us say, chimney-piece, lest we register ourselves as ill-bred), is another matter; Staffordshire both in the eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries, with its little, lively, rough ornaments, provides one of the answers. So did the Chinese at one period of their long history, but not, be it noted, with earthenware meant to be seen. What they did, with great vitality, was to produce whole farmyards of creatures, barns and human beings, not for the pleasure of the living but for the use of the dead, so that the spirit in the family tomb should have the attention due to him in his journey to the shades. Many of these figures will be familiar enough to readers of this page, some of them from the period of the T'ang Dynasty, when this undertaker art, if I may call it that without offence, reached an extremely high standard; horses, camels, grooms, musicians and dancers, both male and female. There are many of them about in both public and private collections—and as many more ingenious modern fakes, for, with rough, unglazed pieces, nothing can be easier than to reproduce them by the hundred and then smear them with earth as if they had lain in the ground for a thousand years.

The faking of a piece of glazed pottery is a more difficult matter and, to a practised eye, far more easily detected, and presumably it would also be difficult to imitate the iridescence which long years of burial has generally given to wares from an earlier period, that of the Han Dynasty (206 B.C.—A.D. 220), such as the cock and hen and the duck of Fig. 1 from the collection of Mr. J. Highfield Jones. Such minor mortuary pieces are not the highest forms of art, and it is reasonable to suppose that better things



FIG. 1. MINOR MORTUARY PIECES NOTABLE FOR THEIR GREEN IRIDESCENT GLAZE: A COCK, HEN AND DUCK. CHINESE, HAN DYNASTY (206 B.C.—A.D. 220).

The cock, hen and duck reproduced in this photograph were produced "not for the pleasure of the living but for the use of the dead, so that the spirit in the family tomb should have the attention due to him in his journey to the shades." (Sotheby's.)

Therefore, some argue, this so-called Han pottery is not Han period at all, but later, for it would hardly have been used for tomb ware had it not been made for ordinary purposes first. That, very briefly, is the case for and against. Not, you will say, a very important matter—yet the search for truth is a worthy end in itself, and there is something peculiarly fascinating in the possibility that by the beginning of our era the Chinese were adapting a distinctly Western method of glazing as a result of their contacts with the Roman Empire. In view of their later triumphs as potters, they could well afford to acknowledge this slight borrowing—if borrowing it were. While the photograph shows the Noah's Ark liveliness of the creatures very well, it fails to bring out one thing about most of them which we find pleasant, but which their makers could not have foreseen. The iridescence of the greenish glaze, due to many centuries below ground, is sometimes silver, sometimes a pale gold, and gives an air of distinction to very ordinary objects; similar degeneration in Roman glass is prized by most collectors, and most of us also appreciate the green colour which almost invariably clothes ancient Chinese bronzes.

Apart from the animals and birds, there is one characteristic Han Dynasty type of pottery which is both pleasant to the sight and has romantic associations. This is the so-called "hill-jar"—also apparently

a normal item in a decently-conducted burial—a small cylindrical jar surmounted by a conical cover in the shape of a stylised range of hills, which is believed to represent the fabulous Islands or Mountains of the Blest: a Taoist notion, resembling the European myth of a Lost Atlantis or a Tennysonian Vale of Avalon, and—so it is said—taken seriously by the Emperor Wu Ti (140–86 B.C.), for he sent out more than one expedition in search of them.

From the very beginning of Chinese pottery to its magnificent golden age (some will say its mellow

autumn, not its high summer), is a matter of nearly 2000 years, and the other photographs on this page are a measure of the distance travelled. These eighteenth-century birds are not, we are told, and never were, really Chinese taste, but were almost wholly made for export; export goods or no, they are marvels of potting, and are, of course, porcelain, not earthenware. Moreover, they appear to be wholly uninfluenced by European fashions, which loved birds—witness the excellent models manufactured at Meissen—so one can say that if the Chinese did not like them much themselves they were, as always, uncommonly quick off the mark in supplying what Europe wanted. And here perhaps I might be allowed to utter a mild protest (not for the first time) concerning the tendency of so many modern writers upon Chinese ceramics to

be exceedingly off-hand about late seventeenth- and all eighteenth-century productions; to praise, where praise is unavoidable, with faint damns and to describe so much accomplishment as misdirected effort—though even the faint hearts could not forbear to cheer when they saw some of the late eighteenth-century pieces from the Imperial collections, which had never before come to Europe, at the wonderful Chinese Exhibition at Burlington House in 1935; that was a show which none of us old enough to see it are ever likely to forget.

There are, among other excellences, two great virtues in Chinese porcelain—one, a sense of form, which includes not merely an understanding of appropriate shapes but a nice appreciation of balance in decoration; the second, colour, brilliant and glowing but nowhere harsh. This I have to leave to your imagination, but from the photographs it is not too difficult to guess that these cockerels (Fig. 2) are noble creatures, clothed as they are with red, green and yellow feathers, rose-pink underbodies, red combs, black tails and yellow legs. Nor are the cranes (Fig. 3),



FIG. 2. BRILLIANTLY ENAMELLED IN COLOURS: A PAIR OF CHINESE PORCELAIN FIGURES OF COCKERELS. CHIEN LUNG PERIOD (1736–1796). (14½ ins. high.)

These cockerels are enamelled in *rouge-de-fer*, green and yellow feather markings, the underbody in rose-pink, with the combs in red, tail feathers black, and yellow legs; and are perched on brown plinths. (Frank Partridge and Sons.)

were made for the living than for the dead, but they are vivacious enough to command respect; moreover, they provide convincing evidence that the good old custom of slaughtering the wives, horses and servants of the deceased was no longer considered good form. It was now sufficient, as well as cheaper, to provide earthenware substitutes. So much for the student of manners.

But there is a mystery about these Han tomb figures which, if I have read the authorities correctly, has not yet been solved. The majority of them, like



FIG. 3. EXCEEDINGLY GRACEFUL IN FORM: A PAIR OF CHINESE PORCELAIN CRANES PERCHED ON ROCKWORK BASES. EARLY CHIEN LUNG (1736–1796). (17 ins. and 17½ ins. high.)

These cranes are modelled with feather markings and partly enamelled in black, green and blue on a white ground, with pink and *rouge-de-fer* crests and brown beaks; the rockwork bases splashed blue, green and brown. (Frank Partridge and Sons.)

as graceful as anything which ever came from the Far East, one whit behind: black, green, blue, pink, red and brown, and as to shape, with those long beaks, technically more difficult. The very distant beginnings are fascinating historically and archaeologically, for they throw light upon ancient customs and contacts—but surely we cannot pretend that, in this case at least, they are as fine as these gay, colourful triumphs of many centuries later. As well pretend that whoever built the Temple of Mithras was as great a man as he who conceived St. Paul's, near by.



# "REMBRANDT AND HIS SUCCESSION": AN EXHIBITION AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



ONE OF TWO STUDIES OF A HOG BY REMBRANDT TO BE SEEN AT THE EXHIBITION "REMBRANDT AND HIS SUCCESSION," WHICH HAS BEEN ARRANGED BY THE PRINT ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM TO MARK THE 350TH ANNIVERSARY OF REMBRANDT'S BIRTH. (Pen and brown ink; 4½ by 5½ ins.)



ALSO AMONG THE SMALL GROUP OF ANIMAL STUDIES BY REMBRANDT IS THIS BLACK CHALK DRAWING OF AN ELEPHANT. THERE ARE SEVERAL HUNDRED DRAWINGS AND ETCHINGS IN THIS EXHIBITION, WHICH ARE ALL DRAWN FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM'S COLLECTION. THEY RANGE FROM THE WORK OF REMBRANDT'S TEACHERS TO THAT OF AUGUSTUS JOHN. (7 by 10½ ins.)



"A GIRL SLEEPING" IS AN OUTSTANDING WORK IN THIS EXHIBITION, AND RIGHTLY HOLDS A PLACE OF HONOUR IN IT. THE CHRONOLOGY OF REMBRANDT'S DRAWINGS IS STILL VERY DOUBTFUL. (Brush and brown ink; 9½ by 8 ins.)



PROBABLY THE EARLIEST OF SEVERAL SELF-PORTRAITS IN THIS EXHIBITION: A DRAWING WHICH SHOWS REMBRANDT AGED ABOUT 23. (Pen and brown ink, with brush and grey ink; 5 by 3½ ins.)



REMINISCENT OF SOME OF REMBRANDT'S PORTRAITS: A FORCEFUL PEN AND BROWN INK DRAWING OF A LADY SEATED IN A CHAIR. (6½ by 5½ ins.)



"COTTAGES AND TREES ON THE AMSTEL," A DRAWING WHICH SHOWS REMBRANDT'S MASTERLY ECONOMY OF LINE. (Pen and brown ink; 4½ by 7½ ins.)



"THREE GABLED COTTAGES BESIDE A ROAD" IS ONE OF FOUR LATE ETCHINGS IN THE LANDSCAPE SECTION. THE EXHIBITION CONTINUES THROUGHOUT 1956. (6½ by 8½ ins.)

Rembrandt van Rijn was born at Leyden on July 15, 1606. To mark the 350th anniversary of his birth the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum has arranged a large exhibition of drawings and etchings, drawn from the Museum's collection, and entitled "Rembrandt and his Succession." This interesting exhibition is divided into four sections, of which the first shows work by some of Rembrandt's precursors and teachers. The illustrations shown above are selected from the two sections devoted to Rembrandt himself, which are divided

into the categories of figure compositions, studies from the life, landscape, portraits and miscellaneous (including some fascinating copies from Mogul miniatures). In the final section "are grouped works by artists who were either clearly influenced by Rembrandt, or whose style might be said to have some affinity with his." This begins with some beautiful examples of the work of Rembrandt's pupils such as Jan Livens and Gerald Dou, and continues to include work by artists such as Goya, J. M. W. Turner, Constantin Guys and Augustus John.



## A RECORD OF BUILDINGS NEW AND OLD: ARCHITECTURAL ITEMS—ENGLISH AND AUSTRALIAN.



OPENING A NEW PASSENGER AND CARGO BERTH AT SOUTHAMPTON: MR. G. P. JOOSTE, HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR SOUTH AFRICA (RIGHT). Built for the British Transport Commission, on the site of a berth destroyed during the war, a new £1,000,000 passenger and cargo berth was opened at Southampton on January 25 by Mr. G. P. Jooste, High Commissioner for South Africa. It will be used chiefly for the Union-Castle Line's South African services.



A WAITING-HALL FOR PASSENGERS TO AND FROM SOUTH AFRICA: PART OF THE SPACIOUS ACCOMMODATION IN THE DOUBLE-STORIED BUILDING OF THE NEW BERTH AT SOUTHAMPTON.



TO RECEIVE A GRANT FROM THE MINISTRY OF WORKS: LOSELEY HOUSE, NEAR GUILDFORD, SURREY—THE NORTH FRONT OF THIS FINE ELIZABETHAN HOUSE.

Loseley House was built by Sir William More, a direct ancestor of the present owner, Major J. R. More-Molyneux, during the years 1562-70, mainly of stone from the ruins of Waverley Abbey. It has been occupied by the same family for nearly 400 years and is to receive a grant for repairs.



AN OVERHEAD ROAD AND RAILWAY FOR SYDNEY: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW OVERHEAD CIRCULAR QUAY, ROADWAY AND RAILWAY OFFICIALLY OPENED IN THE AUSTRALIAN CITY ON JANUARY 20.



AN HISTORIC HERTFORDSHIRE HOUSE WHICH HAS RECEIVED A MINISTRY OF WORKS GRANT FOR GENERAL REPAIRS: QUEEN HOO HALL, AT TEWIN, WHICH DATES FROM 1560-70.

One of the historic buildings which has received a grant for general repairs is Queen Hoo Hall, at Tewin. The Royal Commission on Historical Monuments suggests 1560-70 as the date of this small but charming house which may have been designed as a hunting lodge and is almost unchanged.



A WESTMINSTER FIND: THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED MOAT ROUND THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY JEWEL HOUSE, OFF GREAT COLLEGE STREET.

A 15-ft.-wide moat has been found round the Jewel House in Westminster during restoration work. The tower was built as a "safe deposit" for the "King's Treasure" when Edward III had his Court in the adjoining Palace of Westminster.



# NEWS FROM ABROAD: RIOTS, A TRAIN CRASH, EL GLAQUI'S FUNERAL, AND OTHER ITEMS.



THE BOMBAY RIOTS: AN OVERTURNED MUNICIPAL TRUCK LYING NEXT TO LOOTED FURNITURE WHICH WAS BURNT IN THE CITY DURING THE DISORDERS. Five days of rioting and street fighting started in Bombay on January 16 following the Indian Government's decision to take the city under its direct control rather than accede to the claim of the Maharashtrians, the dominant racial group, that it should be the capital of a united Maharashtra state.



LOS ANGELES' WORST RAILWAY ACCIDENT, IN WHICH TWENTY-NINE PEOPLE WERE KILLED: THE SCENE AFTER A TWO-CARRIAGE DIESEL TRAIN OVERTURNED. Twenty-nine people were killed and 142 injured in a railway accident which occurred at Los Angeles on January 22 when a two-carriage diesel train overturned on a curve. The train was said to be travelling at about 70 m.p.h. at a point where the maximum safe speed is 40 m.p.h.



WRAPPED IN A HOLY BLACK SHROUD AND BORNE ON A LITTER TO BURIAL: THE BODY OF EL GLAOU, LATE PASHA OF MARRAKESH.



INSPECTING THE 1500 MEN OF FEDERAL GERMANY'S NEW ARMED FORCES: DR. ADENAUER (THIRD FROM LEFT) AT A PARADE AT ANDERNACH, ON THE RHINE. The full present complement of Federal Germany's fighting forces, some 1500 officers and men, paraded at Andernach on January 20 for inspection by Dr. Adenauer, the Federal Chancellor, and Herr Blank, Defence Minister. They are the nucleus of what the Chancellor described as "the great host of comrades who will follow you."



OFFICERS' UNIFORMS OF THE NEW EAST GERMAN "PEOPLE'S ARMY": LAND FORCES (LEFT), MARINES (CENTRE) AND AIR FORCE. On January 18 the East German Parliament unanimously adopted laws for the creation of a "National People's Army" in East Germany. We show above the uniforms which will be worn by junior officers of the new army.



HANDING OVER SPORTING GUNS AND RIFLES IN COMPLIANCE WITH A GOVERNMENT ORDER: THE SCENE AT A POLICE STATION IN NICOSIA, CYPRUS. Queues formed outside police stations throughout Cyprus immediately after a Government order to hand over all shotguns and sporting rifles had been issued. This stated that they must be delivered at latest by noon on January 24. The measure is aimed at preventing the weapons from falling into the hands of terrorists.



## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## WINTER COLOUR.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

ONE of the many things which I ought to have done—but didn't—when I first came to my present Cotswold garden ten years ago, would have been to plant certain trees and shrubs for the sake of the winter colour of their bark. I was reminded of this lapse on my part a week or two ago when motoring in the neighbourhood of the River Windrush. On the fringe of a plantation of evergreen trees, 100 yards from the road, were two great billows of splendid colour, glowing in the winter sunshine. One of them was a liquid scarlet, with perhaps a touch of gold or orange in it. The other was rather heavier in tone, nearer crimson than scarlet. I was in no doubt as to how this cheering, warming winter effect had been produced. The scarlet cloud of colour came from a planting of willows, whilst the crimson was provided by dogwood—cornus.

I first saw this plan of planting willows, dogwoods and one or two other shrubs for winter colour in the famous garden at Aldenham, in the days of the late Vicary Gibbs, in the 1920's and 30's, and at that time a good deal was written in the horticultural press about the effectiveness of shrubs planted for the sake of their brilliantly-coloured bark for winter effect. At Aldenham huge beds were cut in the turf, and each was planted throughout with one or other of the chosen shrubs. The two most brilliant and effective were the golden and the scarlet barked willows, *Salix vitellina* and *S. vitellina* var. *britzensis*. They were planted and treated exactly in the manner of withy beds, that is, individual willows a few feet apart, and stooled down each spring, so that they would throw up a whole forest of slender withy wands during the summer. Then in autumn, when their leaves fall, the brilliant colour of their fresh young bark is revealed, and provides a cloud of heartening colour all winter, until it is time to pollard them down again in autumn. It is only by cutting them each spring in this way that the finest winter colour is obtained. Another beautiful willow for this purpose is *Salix daphnoides*, the bark of whose young stems carries what appears to be a heavy bloom, which in the mass of a good planting gives a subtle effect of blue-white. Among the dogwoods or cornels, *Cornus alba* var. *siberica* is perhaps the best for crimson colour, or for yellow there is *Cornus stolonifera* var. *flaviramea*. At Aldenham there were also plantings of the so-called whitewashed brambles, especially *Rubus biflorus*, with tall arching canes of snowy-white, very effective in the mass in winter. Unfortunately much of the potential charm of these otherwise very colourful and effective plantings was largely lost at Aldenham by the rigidly over-tidy beds in which they were planted. They would have been far more attractive if the groups of dogwood, and gold and scarlet willows had been planted in natural, irregular groupings and then allowed to let their hair down and fraternise with a friendly evergreen background. That was the trouble at Aldenham. The whole garden was too tidy, too regimented, too utterly over-gardened. But those great plantings for winter bark colour taught a valuable lesson, and I am wishing now that I had thought of applying it here ten years ago. However, willow cuttings are easy to strike, and have the virtue of giving quick returns.

It has been said that a good way of learning about a subject is to write a book or an article about it. The truth of this was brought home to me recently when I wrote an article on this page on mistletoe. That article has brought me two letters from correspondents which have given me valuable information on the subject. I said in my article that the berries on mistletoe at Christmas are no good for sowing on the branches of one's apple trees. I had been told this and had read it too, more than once, and having sown berries from Christmas decoration mistletoe now and then in the past—before I had been warned—without results, I concluded that it was so.

A correspondent writes: "My experience is that Christmas berries are excellent. Four Christmases ago (three full years) I put my mistletoe sprig in the cold frame (the stem in the soil), and later, I think May, I set about twelve berries on my young trees, and now have five established mistletoe plants. The seeds were almost sprouting when put on the trees."

From this it seems clear that, in saying that berries from Christmas mistletoe are no use for sowing, I was, through ignorance, only telling half the story. Apparently the trick of planting, or heeling in the branch of Christmas mistletoe in the cold frame enables it to go on ripening its berries, until, as in my correspondent's experience, they are actually beginning to germinate, and have reached the stage when they just cannot wait to be sown on their apple-tree host. Obviously, Christmas is the time when most people have mistletoe berries at hand for sowing, but the safe and wise course would seem to be to allow the berries to ripen by heeling the branch into soil in the cold frame until April or even later.

There is another point in connection with cultivating mistletoe to which I ought to have drawn attention, and that is that there are, so to speak, both male and female individual plants. One specimen will bear nothing but male pollen-bearing flowers, and another only female berry-producing flowers, so that in order to secure berried mistletoe for Christmas it is necessary to have both kinds growing reasonably near one another. A correspondent tells me that he has male and female mistletoe in his garden, a few of each, and tried the experiment in two successive seasons of removing all the male flowers, thus preventing the flowers on the female plants becoming pollinated. The result was that on both occasions no berries were produced, although in former years, when there had been no interference with matrimonial arrangements, there had been good crops of berries. It should be added that the experiment was carried out on an isolated mistletoe-bearing apple-tree, with no other mistletoe of either sex within a mile or more. As to how the pollen is carried from plant to plant and flower to flower I do not know, though it is a detail which has probably been investigated by botanists. But the matter of male and female mistletoes is important to the would-be cultivator, especially in a district where the plant is rare. In sowing the seeds upon the apple-tree branches—or whatever host is chosen—the aim should be to establish a fair number of specimens, so as to make sure of having both males and females. An isolated specimen is bound to remain childless, or, rather, berryless. In any case, it is a slow business, at first. By the second summer after sowing the seed all that you can hope for will be a short green stem springing from the tree branch, and carrying one single pair of the characteristic mistletoe leaves. After that branching will begin, and increase by a system of doubling up, which naturally becomes more rapid and encouraging as the years pass. And certainly a tree with mistletoe in the garden is a great source of interest, not only, I have noticed, to the very young.

## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## VILLAGE PONDS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

SOME time ago, a reader of this page wrote me a very short letter. He merely told how one of his turkeys had one day picked up an egg, run 100 yards with it to water, dropped it into the water, and had then eaten the egg. That was all. For me, it called to mind many things, among them village ponds. As a boy, on holiday in a remote village in the south of England, I used to find its three ponds a great attraction. In the largest of these, when the ducks were not there to disturb its surface, one could see the reflection of the sky and the clouds, and of the topmost branches of the pines that stood back from its border. Then, one year, when we went there in August, the countryside was in the grip of a drought. Water was being carted long distances for the cattle, and the village ponds had dried up. Gone was the reflection of the pines and the sky and the clouds. In the cracked and noisome mud at the bottom of the dried-up saucer, which used to be a pond, almost buried in the mud was a medley of old iron bedsteads, broken crockery, old tin cans, bicycle wheels, and so on.

I was particularly interested in this observation on the turkey, more especially because of the things some of our birds do. We noticed it first when we acquired a brace of young crows. Each had been abandoned by its parents and my daughter had brought them in from the fields and hand-fed them. A large aviary was assigned to them, and in it there was a dish of water for them to bathe in. The morning after they had been installed, my daughter noticed, as she tipped out the remains of their bath-water, that a piece of glass came out also. It was just an ordinary piece of dull, green bottle glass, so dull, in fact, that we had not noticed its presence on the floor of the aviary. The crows had noticed it, however, and one of them had picked it up and dropped it into the water. At all events, the glass was in the bath-water again the next morning, and as often as it was tipped out one morning it would be back in the water the next morning. Putting this piece of glass into water seemed to be a mania with one of the crows, or both. We could not tell which did it, for we never saw the culprit at work. Perhaps they took it in turn.

The monotonous regularity of this truly displacement activity—or was it a kind of libation to the corvine gods?—caught our notice and we began to pay more attention to the rook in a neighbouring aviary. Sure enough, although we had failed to remark it before, he had the incurable habit of putting something into his bath-water each day, either a piece of food, a pebble or any bright object available.

Clearly this called for further investigation. The members of the crow family are notorious for a penchant for bright objects, epitomised in the story of the Jackdaw of Rheims. Are they all equally given to dropping these objects into water when opportunity offers? I tried the rook with a bright sixpenny-piece. He hid that in a crack in one of the posts of his aviary. Anything else, such as bright nails, tinfoil, coloured paper or pieces of glass he would put in his bath-water. Obviously he is a discriminating rook.

At this time, we had another crow as a temporary guest. A little experimentation showed that he had this trait to a pronounced extent. On one occasion, I offered him a succession of bright articles in metal, glass, china, as well as several kinds of coloured paper. He played with each for a while, but in the end each found its way into his bath which, by the time he went to roost that evening, looked very like my village pond at the height of the drought.

The rest of our *Corvidæ*, including magpies and a jay, have this same habit, so it would seem to be a habit widespread among this type of bird. Is there, then, any evidence that they behave in this way in the wild, and is there any indication that other birds behave similarly? We did not keep a constant watch on our birds when we were experimenting in this field. Even so, we were constantly passing and re-passing the aviaries. Yet we seldom saw the bright or coloured objects actually being consigned to the water. Perhaps, like the turkey, they run to water and drop their offering quickly in, so that only the accidental sight of them would yield the desired result. For that matter, how often does one see a villager going to the pond and throwing in the broken crockery, the bicycle wheel, or the empty oil-drum? Yet every village pond, in a dry summer, bears eloquent testimony to the fact that it is often done.

There is a collateral line of enquiry yielding more certain results. I have often seen buzzard pellets containing tinfoil or red rubber bands from the litter of picnic parties. This may be part of an avian anti-litter campaign or evidence of the irresistible attraction bright objects have for birds. Perhaps it is the latter, as with the blackbird which decorated its nest with several yards of lace, and the one which wove a ten-shilling note into the fabric of its nest. This last episode occurred in Outer London several years ago. The note had been left in the neck of an empty milk-bottle standing outside the kitchen door, in payment for the milk received.

Some birds, notably tits, are given to stripping wallpaper when they can enter houses. Other animals are given to similar tricks. Mongooses have been known to steal and hide jewellery. The nearest approach to the corvine habit of dropping these things into water, among the lower animals, is seen in the raccoon's trick of always washing its food. It is called "washing," although the raccoon feeds mainly on fish and frogs taken from the water. Again, it may be that the action which we take to be an eccentricity in the turkey referred to earlier is a fixed pattern of behaviour in raccoons.

Unfortunately, as with so many highly-interesting natural phenomena, especially those that occur on our very doorsteps, little notice has been taken of them by scientists, so that there are inadequate data upon which to base any firm conclusions except one. Even this, although firm, is no more than tentative. It is that the habit of throwing rejectamenta into water is most pronounced in the crow family, the most intelligent of the birds, according to some authorities, and the members of the human family, the most intelligent of the mammals, according to other authorities. The point is significant. It is so significant that I would seriously suggest establishing, as part of our anti-litter campaign, as many ponds as possible all over the country. The litter thrown in would be out of sight until the next drought, when in a short while it could be cleared away and disposed of reasonably.





DO NOT REPAIR AN ELECTRICAL FAULT YOURSELF BUT CALL IN AN ELECTRICIAN.



UNPLUG YOUR ELECTRIC KETTLE BEFORE FILLING IT OR POURING FROM IT.



ALWAYS DRY YOUR HANDS BEFORE TOUCHING AN ELECTRIC SWITCH.



DON'T LEAVE A SAUCEPAN WITH THE HANDLE STICKING OUTWARDS FOR A CHILD TO GRAB.



MAKE USE OF THE SAUCEPAN LID AS A SHIELD TO PROTECT YOU FROM SCALDS.



SWITCH OFF THE MAIN CONTROL SWITCH BEFORE YOU CLEAN AN ELECTRIC COOKER.



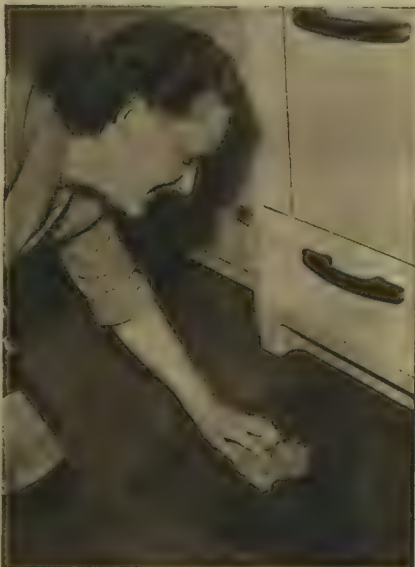
PLACE HOT LIQUIDS, LIKE WATER IN A PAIL, IN A SAFE PLACE WHILE YOU WORK.



REMEMBER THAT MATCHES FASCINATE CHILDREN—SO KEEP THEM OUT OF REACH.



USE THE RIGHT IMPLEMENTS FOR THE JOB AND KEEP THEM IN A SAFE PLACE.



IF SOMETHING IS SPILT, MOP IT UP AT ONCE TO PREVENT FALLS.



BEFORE LEAVING THE PRAM UNATTENDED BE SURE TO PUT ON THE BRAKES.



LABEL POISONS CLEARLY AND KEEP THEM LOCKED UP, WITH CLEANSING AIDS.



PREVENT CHILDREN FROM RUNNING INTO A BUSY ROAD BY BOLTING THE GATE.



IN FROSTY WEATHER SCATTER SOME FINE ASHES ON STEPS TO PREVENT ACCIDENTS.



POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS GARDENING TOOLS, SUCH AS FORKS, SHOULD BE LOCKED UP.



PREVENT FALLS BY USING A RELIABLE STEP-LADDER AND NOT A RICKETY CHAIR.

#### CAUTIONARY TALES FOR HOME SAFETY: 1. IN THE KITCHEN AND GARDEN.

Everybody knows of the appalling toll of the roads, but to many it comes as a shock when they are told about the numbers of fatal casualties which take place every year in the home. In 1947 the Standing Interdepartmental Committee on Accidents in the Home was set up by the Home Secretary "to co-ordinate departmental action in connection with the prevention of accidents in the home, and to maintain contact with unofficial organisations interested in the subject."

In 1953 their report was published in the form of a White Paper which, although it shocked those who studied it or read about it at the time, may by now have been forgotten by a number of people. The urgency and the size of the problem is such that every individual should make it his or her duty to do everything possible to ensure that these accidents are prevented in their own home, this care being particularly necessary in homes in which there are young children or old

*(Continued overleaf.)*





THIS SPARK GUARD IS ESSENTIAL TO PREVENT THE DANGER OF FIRE WHEN LEAVING THE ROOM UNOCCUPIED.



BE CERTAIN THAT THE GUARD IS IN FRONT OF THE FIRE WHEN CHILDREN ARE PLAYING IN THE ROOM.



PORTABLE ELECTRIC FIRES SHOULD ALWAYS BE GUARDED, REGARDLESS OF THE AGE OF THE FAMILY.



IT IS DANGEROUS TO ENCOURAGE A SULKY FIRE BY POURING ON "THAT LITTLE DROP OF PARAFFIN."



NOTE THE DANGER OF AN UNGUARDED FIRE IF THERE IS A CLOCK OR MIRROR ABOVE IT.



AN OVERHANGING CLOTH SPELLS DANGER FROM SCALDS—TURN IT UNDER OR FIX IT TO THE TABLE.



DON'T LEAVE OBSTRUCTIONS ON THE STAIRS—THEY FREQUENTLY CAUSE FALLS.



DON'T CARRY LOADS WHICH OBSTRUCT YOUR VISION OR YOU WILL COURT DISASTER.



ALWAYS USE THE BANISTER—PARTICULARLY IF YOU ARE HOLDING THE BABY.



KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE STAIR RODS AND WATCH THE STATE OF THE CARPET.



CHILDREN'S FINGERS CAN EASILY GET PINCHED IN DOORS—OPEN AND SHUT DOORS WITH CARE.



RUGS CAN CAUSE FALLS—SEE THAT THE CORNERS DO NOT CURL AND THAT THEY CAN NOT SLIDE.



POWER APPLIANCES SHOULD BE USED FROM THIS TYPE OF WALL-SOCKET—BUT DO NOT OVERLOAD IT.



AVOID USING MANY APPLIANCES FROM ONE POINT AND WATCH THE FLEX TO SEE THAT IT IS IN GOOD CONDITION.

## CAUTIONARY TALES FOR HOME SAFETY : 2. THE LIVING-ROOM, AND STAIRS.

*Continued.*

people. Among the many thought- and conscience-provoking facts given in the White Paper were the figures for the ten years from 1940 to 1949, when over 60,000 people died from accidents in their homes compared with about 48,000 deaths on the roads—in fact, during those years there were well over 1000 more fatal casualties each year in the home than on the roads. The majority of the

victims of home accidents are young children and old people: more than 25 per cent. being under fifteen and more than 50 per cent. over sixty-five. More children under fifteen die from home accidents than from any single infectious disease: between the ages of one and five years, a fatal accident in the home is the third largest cause of death. The commonest kinds of fatal accident in the home (based

*[Continued on opposite page.]*





TO PREVENT ANY RISK OF SCALDING ALWAYS PUT THE COLD WATER IN THE BABY'S BATH FIRST.



THIS IS WHAT CAN HAPPEN IN A MOMENT IF YOU HAVE NEGLECTED TO GUARD THE WINDOW.



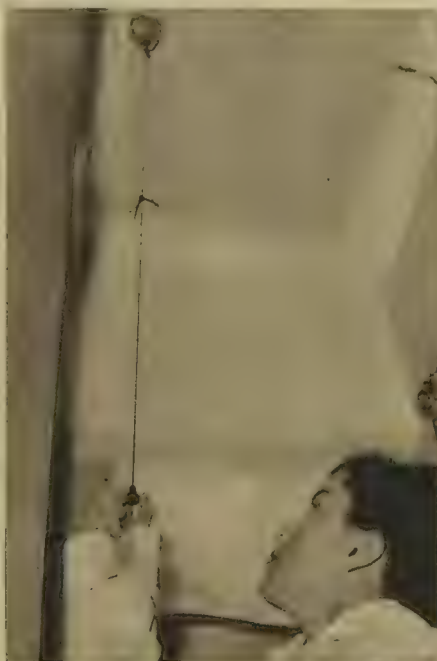
SAFELY GUARDED: A WINDOW WITH IRON BARS WHICH ARE REMOVABLE IN CASE OF FIRE.



PUT YOUR USED RAZOR BLADES IN A SAFE CONTAINER AND AVOID ACCIDENTS.



HAVE A VENT FOR YOUR GAS GEYSER AND KEEP IT CLEAR OF OBSTRUCTION.



THE LIGHT SWITCH IN THE BATHROOM SHOULD BE WORKED BY A CORD FROM THE CEILING.



DRUGS SHOULD BE PUT SAFELY AWAY, BUT PREFERABLY NOT IN A DRAWER.



HAVE A VERTICAL BAR FITTED BY THE BATH TO HELP THE OLD OR INFIRM.



BEDSIDE RUGS SHOULD BE OF THE HEAVY TYPE AND THE FLOOR BENEATH SHOULD NOT BE POLISHED.



NEVER FORGET TO DRY YOUR HANDS BEFORE TOUCHING AN ELECTRIC SWITCH TO PREVENT THE DANGER OF A SHOCK.

### CAUTIONARY TALES FOR HOME SAFETY: 3. BEDROOM AND BATHROOM.

*Continued.*

on the figures for 1951) are, in order of importance: falls, 58 per cent.; burns and scalds, 13 per cent.; suffocation, 12 per cent.; coal-gas poisoning, 8 per cent. About nine-tenths of the falls, over half the burns and scalds, and nearly two-thirds of the coal-gas poisonings happen to old people over sixty-five; while at least eight out of every ten suffocations and one in five of the burns and scalds happen to children under five. When considering the figures for accidents in the home, it must be remembered that no accurate estimate of the number of non-fatal accidents is available, chiefly because of the difficulties of obtaining reliable information, for these accidents, unlike those on the roads, are not notifiable, though some idea of the possible total for the country as a whole can be gained from the figures available for certain limited areas. It has been rightly said that an accident in

the home can generally be attributed to one of three things: ignorance, carelessness or a bad appliance. On this and on the two preceding pages we reproduce some stills taken from filmstrips on Home Safety which were produced by *Camera Talks* in co-operation with the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents. These educational filmstrips are published by *Camera Talks* and cost a guinea each with notes; they are extensively used by Public Health Departments, school authorities, colleges, nursing colleges, and so on, in this country and abroad, and are doing valuable work in drawing people's attention to the many dangers which lurk in the home and in showing them how many of these accidents can be prevented with a little care and forethought. Everybody can and should play a vital part in preventing these domestic accidents.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

OF course you may put it down to "escapism" and triviality, but a week of unbroken charm is almost sure to be a week of home products. And even so we don't get many of them. This is a "pet week"—to quote "My Heart and I," by Anne Crone (Heinemann; 13s. 6d.), its gravest and most substantial offering, and the only one not strictly indigenous.

Here the scene is Northern Ireland, and the plot so unremarkable in itself that it may sound threadbare. Grace Maguire has grown up on a few acres of mountain farm, between a suffering devout mother and a father who spends his time loafing around or getting drunk. But it is not his farm; and on Maria's death, it comes to Grace. Which Stephen Maguire can't get over. If there had been any kindness at home, she would have dismissed Andrew Lennox, her first suitor—in spite of his good valley land, and her sense of destiny in being chosen by him. For on second thoughts, what has she to do with a brisk, dried-up little man of fifty? But her father's meek, aloof airs, and undisguised longing for the farm, drive her to sign it away and take a chance. Andrew knows nothing of this—to him—almost incredible act till after the marriage, and Grace never even knew he knew it was hers. Like Stephen, he can't get over the disappointment; and though he is no scene-maker, and only gave her a look, Grace is still further from getting over it. Thenceforth she immures herself in proud drudgery, and an increased gift for solitude. However, they have a little boy. And only three years later she is a "well-placed," independent woman, courted by Young Simon Ashe. But they are obliged to part—because old Simon, Andrew's brother-in-law, is a tyrannical old skinflint, and young Simon a good son. At least, they can't marry just yet. So Grace devotes her whole being to little John, and toils herself into a premature and gipsy-like middle age in her resolve to secure him an education. After eight years, Simon is independent; but John is thirteen, and objects. He gets his own way; later, he gets his mother's share of the farm, to set up in medical practice; and Grace—he reflects happily—has nothing to do but fold her hands. . . .

Then, of course, he introduces a wife. The theme is hackneyed; the story, in its gravity and depth of tone, its humour, its provincial dialogue, its treatment of the prosperous farming households, almost above all its vein of comment, reminds one of George Eliot. This is a cumulative effect; but, as an example take Jane Lennox, who had spent so many years eluding "the demon of waste" in her first home that "the same occupation in a kitchen where the cupboards were not in exactly the same position lacked purpose for her." John's flimsy, self-seeking little Christine is an Eliot character; though, on the other hand, no Eliot heroine would finally turn away from human beings, and grow "tired of considering them," as Grace does. And while this story is comparatively deficient in range and power, it has a beauty which we find in nothing of George Eliot's except "Silas Marner."

## OTHER FICTION.

"Seaview House," by Elizabeth Fair (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), has no saving gloom; it is an unflawed response to the English demand for a nice story. And very nice too: but with uncommonly little one can take apart. The daughters of the late Canon Newby have been reunited in middle age, to keep a small private hotel, and solace their leisure with unwearied reminiscences of the old home. Not that they are at all sorry for themselves. Edith is the practical one; Rose Barlow has the feminine qualities, the air of youth and beauty, and the gift for being nice to people. She has also a nineteen-year-old daughter. When the fastidious Mr. Heritage drops in, he expects Edith to make the tea and Rose to sit opposite him looking graceful. And he prefers Lucy not to be there. For she distracts attention, and, though surprisingly pretty nowadays, has ceased to rever him enough.

The old gentleman is a bit of a humbug. It is his line to deplore modern activities—especially the new building scheme; yet he is all agog when it turns out that the supervising "Vandal" is his own godson—whom he dropped twenty years ago. However, there is a gulf between a troublesome little boy and a "rising young architect." Mr. Heritage now means to engross Edward Wray, and get a lot of intellectual stimulus and reflected glory. Though he will also have to look out. Rose Barlow—a widow, and therefore naturally designing—may try to catch him for Lucy. And that must not be. . . .

The story is of his machinations to prevent it from being—aided by Lucy's inexperience, a rival swain, and a truly designing "best friend." All very trivial, but charmingly amusing and sympathetic. Seaview House could not be cosier; and Edward has some of the bantering appeal of Henry Tilney. For here, if anything, it is Jane Austen we are reminded of.

Somehow one hardly expects a volume of short stories to rank as a "nice book." Yet "Men of Letters," by Noel Blakiston (Chapman and Hall; 9s. 6d.), has precisely that quality. Here we are in art galleries and clubs, and among authors, critics, Third Programme lecturers, and other persons of culture—though that is not a very revealing datum. I will add to it that the stories are "made up"; in other words, they are not "slices of life," but are contrived to bring out some aspect of life—often by hyperbole, as in the engaging counterpoint of "Nice Things," or the apotheosis of a retired and suicidal Mr. Chips. They are made from the stuff of reality, however; and their contrived scheme is balanced by a remarkably easy, unaffected style. It is impossible to be much more illuminating in brief. But, above all, though there is frequent pathos, and even an occasional touch of grimness in what goes on, the book is one to read happily.

What goes on in "Triple Quest," by E. R. Punshon (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), is of unprecedented luxuriance. I even lost count of the problems. However, they all spring from the South Bank Art Gallery. First, there is the disappearance of an art critic—who has a long-standing feud with the Director, and whose wife has an admirer who may already have tried to poison him: while he himself was having an affair with another woman with a husband of the possessive type. Then there is the Rembrandt mystery; what, if anything, is wrong with the "Girl Peeling Apples"? There is the additional vanishment of a young painter who takes drugs. There is a very queer gallery attendant, a gang of crooks, and a peculiarly shifty "private eye." And, finally, an "ancient and evil house," to which Bobby Owen is led by his "hunches" for the last act. Very Punshon indeed.—K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## FROM ENGLISH POETRY TO THE ATLANTIC COAST.

MR. ROBERT GRAVES would not, I think, object to being described as a member of the *avantgarde* in the 1920s. It is a long step from startling the bourgeoisie to delivering the Clark Lectures at Trinity College, Cambridge, and I wonder if it is altogether a coincidence that Mr. Graves's new book is entitled "The Crowning Privilege" (Cassell; 15s.)? There were six of these lectures, and they were delivered in the autumn of 1954. Mr. Graves's subject was "Professional Standards in English Poetry"—a difficult subject for any past member of any *avantgarde*, even though it may be thirty years and more since he raised the standard of his own particular rebellion. It was hard to decide whether Mr. Graves would now look upon himself as poacher or gamekeeper. But I found myself disagreeing profoundly with his thesis, which consists, broadly, in maintaining that poets must serve their Muse and starve; if they find themselves making an honest living out of their poetry, their Muse dies. This theme he illustrates in the time-honoured manner by quoting some of the worst lines of Pope and Dryden, Wordsworth and Tennyson, and slamming them. (It is only fair to add that he is no kinder to Yeats, Pound, Eliot, Auden and Thomas.) But of course this theory is the merest romantic tushery. If a poet is a poet, he will write poetry—whether he is obeying some mystic internal impulse, or whether some patron has ordered the stuff at so much a yard. Keats is an example of the former, Shakespeare of the latter. And will Mr. Graves dismiss with an airy gesture all those other poets of genius—servile hacks like Shakespeare—who wrote for pay, for emperors, kings or rich patrons? If so, then we must discard Virgil, Horace, and almost every European poet of the Renaissance. Mr. Graves is not even consistent. In one of the other essays in this book he deals roundly with one whom he describes as a "worthy, well-educated, intelligent, puzzled paterfamilias," who asked him the perfectly reasonable question, "How can you tell good poetry from bad?" Mr. Graves answered (with quite unnecessary asperity): "How does one tell good fish from bad? Surely by the smell? Use your nose." (Asperities can conceal boomerangs. Mr. Graves prints in this book some new poems of his own, and my nose tells me that they are thin-bodied, lacking in bouquet, certainly not château-bottled, and unlikely to mature.) But when it comes to the poets whom Mr. Graves dislikes, how does he judge the highly selective passages from their works which he quotes? By his nose? Certainly not. By the strictest rules of prosodic criticism.

I apologise to Mr. Graves in advance if I have misunderstood his meaning and so misjudged him. The fault, if so, is more than partly his own. His lectures cover a wide field, and discursiveness obscures his theme. But the discursions are more than welcome. Mr. Graves in a literary Geneva gown, pounding the pulpit, is an incongruous and unattractive figure. Mr. Graves sitting with you by the fireside, and showing you some of the rare treasures which he has collected during his long and eager search of the English poets, is an altogether delightful companion.

Charlotte Brontë was one of the greatest women in a century which produced many women who were great, noble or talented. Nor is she great merely through her novels, magnificent as these are. George Eliot did do as much, or more, in her much larger output, than Charlotte Brontë in "Jane Eyre," "Shirley" and "Villette." But the latter produced her work in circumstances which were to the highest degree frustrating and damaging, one would have thought, to talent. She was the daughter of a man who, even if he was not an ogre, was an unpleasing combination of Puritan and tippler, a fairly well-meaning ass who was never even faintly competent to deal with his unusual family. Her adored sisters, who shared her tastes and literary ability, died of consumption. Her brother Branwell was an alcoholic psychopath. In her excellent biography of Charlotte, "Passionate Search" (Cassell; 21s.), Miss Margaret Crompton makes it clear that Branwell's frenzied passion for Mrs. Robinson was symptomatic of his neurosis, not the occasion of it. She deals convincingly with the delicate nuances of Charlotte's own feelings for M. Heger, pointing out that whatever they may have held of passion was certainly not present to Charlotte's conscious mind, and that the realisation that others (especially Mme. Heger) misunderstood them "seared her very soul." There is something queer and out of focus about Charlotte's late marriage with Arthur Bell Nicholls. Perhaps one is inclined to judge her, not as a woman, but as a dramatic heroine, and so to deny her the humanity which makes men and women understandable, but spoils dramatic situations. Here again Miss Crompton's book adjusts the perspective. It is quite one of the best studies of a complex character that I have ever read. The book matches, in a most striking manner, the portrait of Charlotte by J. H. Thompson reproduced as a frontispiece. Both show a woman who combined with her talents the highest virtues of the Victorian lady—fortitude and sensibility.

The British Isles are not limitless, and I should have thought that there was hardly any more territory to be covered by that useful series, the Regional Books. But Brian Blake has now given us "The Solway Firth" (Robert Hale; 18s.), a work fully up to the standard of the rest of the series. Mr. Blake has mixed history and topography, literary references and his own observation, in nice proportions. His closing paragraph gives the book's quality: "I remembered the quiet and lovely stages of the journey, and gave thanks that, even in this time of great and complex problems, both Solway people and their guests can find by these shores richness of scene and story and quietness of marsh and lonely bay with only the call of the wild goose and the cry of the curlew for company."

I am such a Thurber fan that I find it impossible adequately to review "Thurber's Dogs," by James Thurber (Hamilton; 12s. 6d.). Suffice it that in this collection some of the best and also the least known of the Master's works, both written and graphic, are assembled for the delight of dog-lovers and Thurber admirers together.

I have just space for an appreciative mention of Miss Rachel Carson's "The Edge of the Sea" (Staples; 18s.), a sequel to her former excellent work, "The Sea Around Us." Miss Carson describes the Atlantic coast of the United States as being richer, for her purpose, than our comparatively jejune shores, but her book will enable us all to make the most of our own shrimps and sea-anemones.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



## BARON TAKES TEA WITH MRS. 'TEDDY' LAMBTON

Anne Lambton, popular town and country socialite, fashion consultant and holder of the title 'One of Britain's Best Dressed Women', takes a moment for this informal study by eminent photographer, Baron. With her is 'Cocoa', reigning monarch in the famous 'Lambton Dynasty' of Pekingese. Mrs. Lambton is married to Newmarket race-horse breeder and owner, 'Teddy' Lambton, a cousin of the Earl of Durham. She divides a busy life between their charming old country house, Mesnil Warren, Newmarket, and their town flat overlooking Regent's Park.



**MRS. LAMBTON:** I hope you'll forgive me, Baron . . . just got back from the stables . . . I *must* have a cup of tea—do you mind?

**BARON:** *Not at all, Anne—unless you plan to drink alone. Let's see . . . last time I was here I photographed your brood mares and foals—remember?*

**MRS. LAMBTON:** Indeed I do. We thought them awfully good. Mother used one of the photos as a Christmas card.

**BARON:** Did she . . . that deserves a little inside information don't you think? Any good 'uns in the stable this year?

**MRS. LAMBTON:** Yes, there are two very good two-year-olds in training. One is a sprinter. The other is more likely to make a stayer. But the only dead cert I can promise you this afternoon is a jolly good cup of tea.

**BARON:** *Ah—some rare, exquisite 'Lambton blend', eh?*

**MRS. LAMBTON:** Well, exquisite perhaps, but hardly *rare*. Actually it's Brooke Bond 'Choicest' blend. We think it's delicious and the joy is we can simply order it from the village grocer when we need it. That way it's always fresh. Milk or lemon?



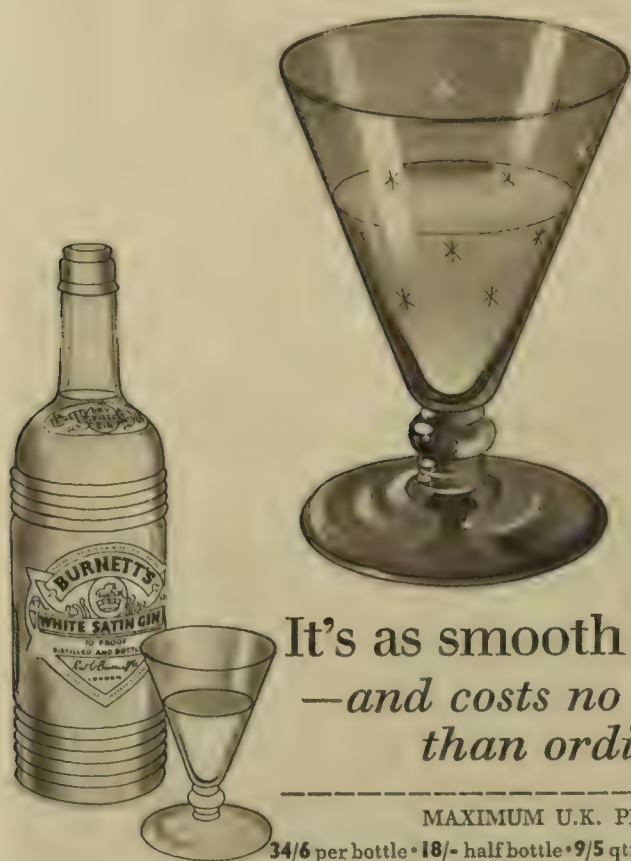
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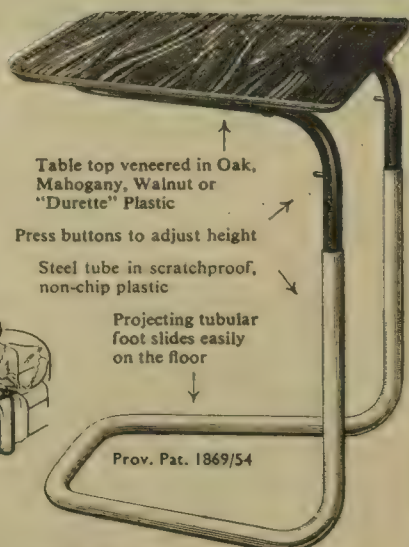
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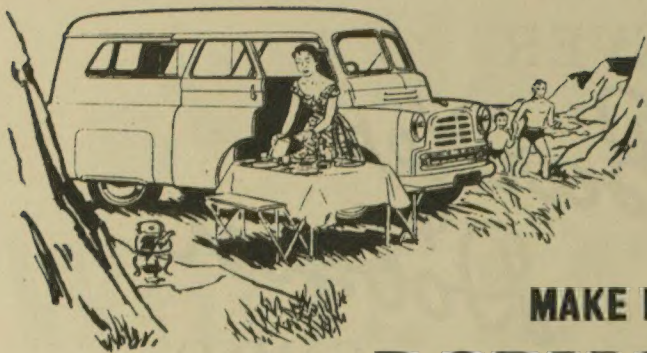
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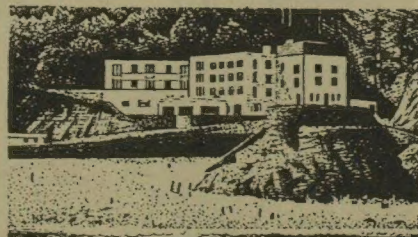
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## FEBRUARY

*The Twenty-Niners*

MISFORTUNE IMPENDS this month for a large number of individuals who have done nothing to deserve it. We cannot know how many babies, in countries whose calendars recognise the existence of Leap Year, are going to be born on February the 29th; and we can only conjecture how their characters and outlook will be affected by this natal solecism. It will not, one supposes, be until some years later that most of them will be likely to get an inkling of their invidious position. How do parents handle this delicate problem? Birthdays are important institutions in a child's world, and to discover that it is really only entitled to one every four years may well have an unsettling effect on the more introspective type of eight-year-old.

The usual custom is to celebrate the happy event on February the 28th; but one scarcely needs to be a senior wrangler to see that some element of inequity is involved in this practice. For it makes the twenty-niners—on paper—the same age as children who were in fact born a day before them, and nursery casuists are capable of magnifying in a variety of uncharitable ways the significance of this minor adjustment. Only an expert in child-psychology could tell us whether a sense of deprivation or a sense of privilege is in the long run the more likely to affect the ego of a Leap Year baby; and all we can do is to hope that the new arrivals, by the time they come of age in 1977, will have suffered no really serious ill effects from having had only five celebrations on the right birthday.



Practical as ever, the Midland Bank offers twenty-niners (and all young people) facilities for opening bank accounts, thereby changing 'a sense of deprivation' into a pride of possession. It has even issued a booklet on the subject ('How to open an Account', free from any branch).

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